# THE COMANCHE CHIEF

FIFTY-EIGHTH YEAR | COMANCHE, COMANCHE COUNTY, TEXAS, JANUARY 2, 1931 | No. 20


# NEW OFFICERS TAKE CHARGE

## Turkey Crop Brings Comanche Growers More Than $75,000 This Year

# OIL INTEREST IN COUNTY IS ON INCREASE

## The SCRAP BOOK

### OLD WINTER

*By Thomas Noel*

Old Winter sad, in snowy clad,
Is making a doleful din;
We let him howl till he crack his jowl,
We will not let him in.

Cry, let him lift from the billowy drift
His hoary, haggard form,
And scowling stand, with his wrinkled hand
Outstretching to the storm.

And let his weird and sleety beard
Stream loose upon the blast,
And, rustling, chime to the tinkling rime
From his bald head falling fast.

Let him push at the door,—in the chimney roar,
And rattle the window-pane;
Let him in at us spy with his icicle eye,
But he shall not entrance gain.

Let him gnaw, forsooth, with his freezing tooth,
On our roof tiles, till he tire;
But we care not a whit, as we jovial sit
Before our blazing fire.

Come, lads, let's sing, till the rafters ring;
Come, push the can about;—
From our snug fire-side this Christmas-tide
We'll keep old Winter out.

## Main Street Looks at Broadway

By ERNEST CAMP, Jr.

NEW YORK.—If, as the ancient saying goes, an apple a day keeps the doctor away, then New York certainly has it in for the pill-and-powder gentry.

The response to the street-corner sale of apples by the unemployed has been amazing. New Yorkers are buying at the rate of more than a half million apples a day.

Everybody is patronizing the amateur curb merchants. Such has been the demand that wholesalers find it difficult to obtain apples enough.

**Average $5 Daily**

More than 2,000 of the city's unemployed have set up in the new business. Competition for "hot" corners waxes fast and furious. The typical equipment consists of one or two crates of apples, a few paper bags, and a sign reading "Unemployed. Buy Apples."

An average vendor is said to earn close to $5 a day. He pays $2 a crate for the fruit, each crate containing between 64 and 160 apples selling at five cents apiece. This yields him a net profit of from $1.20 to $3.30.

The idea was originated by the International Apple Association, which started the ball rolling by selling several hundred boxes to jobless men on credit. It created an eager market for several millions of apples that would otherwise have rotted in orchards or warehouses.

**Second-story Highways**

Visions of what the New York of the future may look like were called to mind recently when the city's first "second-story highway" was officially dedicated.

Known as the West Side Express Highway, the new traffic artery—literally a street on stilts—runs from Canal street to 22nd street. Units yet to be built will extend the structure still further uptown.

The roadway is 70 feet wide, with a concrete curbing dividing it into two lanes. With no traffic lights or intersecting streets to trouble with, traffic can flash along in safety at sixty miles an hour. Streets on the lower level are reached by means of ramps.

**Sandwich of Streets**

Engineers predict that the New York of tomorrow will be criss-crossed with these elevated highways.

The whole town is going to resemble a double decker sandwich. Years afterward when you tell someone you lived in New York, he will inquire, "Where—upstairs or down?"

## FOUR NEW CO. OFFICERS ARE SWORN IN

Four new county officers and three newly elected precinct officers assumed their duties at the court house yesterday when they took the oath of office administered to them by County Judge W. T. House. With the exception of J. D. Bonner and S. W. Switzer it is the first time ever to hold an elective office for those qualifying.

Bob Haynes, who has been chief deputy clerk for the past four years assumed charge as County Clerk. Mr. Haynes was for eight years post master at DeLeon and was for a number of years manager of the DeLeon Telephone system and at other times was connected with other business enterprises of DeLeon. Mr. Haynes succeeds Miss Clyde Coan as clerk.

Frank Howington, who asusmed the duties as District Clerk is a farmer near Comanche and has had training in college and business institutions. For several years he was cashier of the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Priddy. He succeeds Henry Gore who has held the office for the past six years.

Dwight Brightman, possibly the youngest man ever to hold that office in the county, took charge as Sheriff, succeeding J. T. Gilbreath, who has served for the past three terms. Mr. Brightman is a World War Veteran and has been engaged in the cotton, grain, and automobile business since graduating from Comanche High School.

F. O Jaye of DeLeon succeeded Tom F. Reese, who has been serving as County Attorney for the past six years. Mr. Jave lived in Oklahoma where he studied law at the University law school before moving to Parker County. He was admitted to the bar and practiced in San Antonio before moving to DeLeon several years ago.

J. D. Bonner will become Justice of Peace of Precinct No. 1, succeeding D. C. Dingus. Mr. Bonner has held office in Comanche County perhaps more years than any other man, and was District or County Clerk, or deputy for over 30 years, holding his first office over 50 years ago.

T. D. Robbinett of DeLeon succeeds Henry Freeman as a member of the Commissioners Court from that section. Mr. Roobbinett is a farmer.

S. W. Switzer succeeds Tom Chaney as Constable of Precinct No. 1. Mr. Switzer is a member of a pioneer family of the county and has lived in Comanche for nearly fifty years and at one time served as City Marshall.

### NOTICE

We need some childrens clothes suitable to wear to school. We feel sure there are some people who have clothes that have been out-grown and we have some children who will start to school Monday, who need clothes. Bring them to J. P. Hoff or to my home—Mrs. J. P. Hoff for the Community Chest.

On Sidney Route 1—Mrs. Emma Ayers, Kenneth Bagley, G. H. Bagley, A. E. Boyd, will be given a free pass to the picture show, Thursday, Jan. 8.

**READ**
**"MISS NOBODY FROM NOWHERE"**
**A Serial Story**
**By**
**Elizabeth Jordan**
**Commencing In This Issue**

## MERCERS GAP MAN IS SHOT VICTIM WED.

Bob Rushing received a flesh wound Wednesday at three o'clock when he was struck in the hip by a bullett from a "45" pistol at the home of J. B. Dupree with whom Mr. and Mrs. Rushing had been living. The Dupree farm is just over the line in the edge of Brown County from Mercer Gap. Dr. I. T. Clemons, to whose office Mr. Rushing was brought for treatment after the incident, said that the wound while painful would not likely prove serious.

According to Mr. Rushing's statement, the Rushings had been making their home with Mr. Dupree for some time, but were fixing to move to another farm. Shortly before the shooting, Mr. Dupree engaged Roy Rushing, son of Bob Rushing, in a heated conversation which was climaxed by Dupree drawing a pistol and firing twice in the direction of the younger Rushing, the elder Rushing being struck when he attempted to interfere. The wounded man said he succeeded in gaining possession of the gun.

## HATCHERY TO START JAN. 10

The D. & C. Hatchery will open its second seasons run in Comanche about January 10, according to Carl Davidson, who said that E. Paul Jeanes had been secured to manage the local plant. Mr. Jeanes for the past five years has operated a hatchery at Ballinger.

Additional equipment has been added to the plant since the close of last season in anticipation of increased business over last year according to Mr. Davidson who said the inital run was extra ordinary.

The establishing of the plant in Comanche last year stimulated the poultry industry in this section and this year some of the owners of the best flocks in the county have made arrangements to place their eggs with the plant.

## Frisco Railway Rates Reduced

Effective February the first, the railway fare on the Frisco from points within Texas to other states will be reduced from 3.6 cents per mile to 2 cents, according to a statement appearing in the daily papers. The reduction having been approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Application has been made to the Texas State Railway Commission to have the fare between Texas points set at the same figures according to press dispatches and it is said that the request is practically sure to be granted as a similiar reduction had been granted the Texas and Pacific. If granted, these rates will also be effective February 1, the dispatches say.

It is said that the Frisco officials are considering operating motor cars between Brownwood and Fort Worth, so as to allow the passengers to make round trips to Fort Worth during the day time.

Local people interested in the proposed motor car expressed the hope that the Frisco will institute a double daily service, and such arrangement will serve a need for cheaper transportation to the city markets, served by the Frisco

### BAPTIST W. M. U. TO MEET

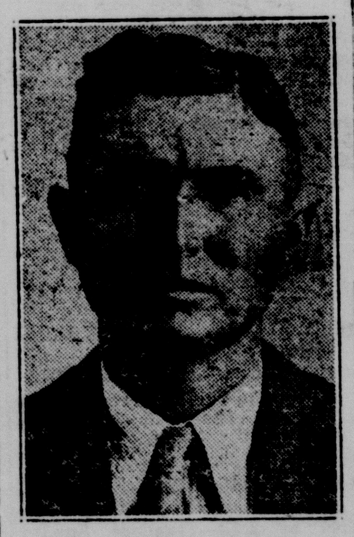
The Baptist Women's Missionary Society will hold their quarterly meeting in Comanche Thursday, January 8th, according to Mrs. E. E. Anthony.

Let us test your lights while there is yet plenty of time—Edmondson Motor Co.

## New County Officers

F. O. JAYE
County Attorney

DWIGHT BRIGHTMAN
Sheriff



FRANK HOWINGTON
District Clerk

BOB HAYNES
County Clerk

## IS KILLED IN AUTO CRASH ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Arthur M. Lovelace, Manager of the Undertaking and Furniture Departments of the Higginbotham Company, and well known citizen of Comanche, was killed and Miss Nobia Dunn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dunn, Comanche, was painfully injured about the head, face and body, Christmas Day at 7 p. m., when his car in which the were driving toward Brownwood on the new road near the Comanche-Brown County line overturned after striking a concrete upright at a small bridge. Mr. Lovelace was pinned beneath the top of the car in the branch several feet from the bridge on the east side of the road.

Miss Dunn according to her statement, following the accident, tried to break her way out of the car through the glass, but finding a door partly opened, worked her way out. Being unable to get Mr. Lovelace out from under the car, she started towards Comanche for aid. Rev. and Mrs. Adrain Jones of Rockwood enroute to Comanche a few minutes later picked Miss Dunn up a short distance down the road when they heard her cries for aid. They had already passed the scene of the accident without noticing the overturned car which was almost out of view from the road.

Returning to Mr. Lovelace's car, Rev. Jones said he found Mr. Lovelace's body beneath the car, his lower limbs protruding and apparently he was dead. Rev. Jones said that he was unable to remove the car from the body and that he hastened to Comanche with Miss Dunn

(Continued on Last Page)

## MEETING OF POULTRY GROWERS IS CALLED JAN 6

A meeting with representatives of the Poultry Producers Association of Texas, with headquarters at San Antonio, has been called for Tuesday, January 6, at 2 p. m. in the District Court room, according to A. J. Lloyd, representing local poultrymen.

This association operates under the Federal Farm Board and it is the plan of local poultrymen to inlist producers in selling to this association.

## ANTON RAUHUT HURT IN WRECK

Anton Rauhut was painfully injured in a car wreck near Austin, Tuesday, December 23, when a car ran into him from a side road, at what is known as the Three Point Filling Station near Austin.

Mr. Rauhut, in company with a young lady, was driving along when the car came suddenly out of a cross road, striking Anton's car near the rear, badly wrecking it.

Mr. Rauhut was seriously cut about the face and his companion onnly slightly injured.

### REMEMBERS FIRE BOYS

The Comanche Firemen were made happier Christmas morning when their company received a check for $25.00 from Mrs. V. H. Lindsey in appreciation of their good work during 1930.

## PRICES HIGHER AND QUALITY IS BETTER

Nineteen cars of dressed turkeys valued at over $75,000.00 have been shipped from Comanche to-date according to George McKinzie, manager of the Farmers Produce Company, who said that the Christmas run was nine cars as compared to ten during the Thanksgiving run. The total shipment to date is off approximately one third as compared to 27 cars shipped before Christmas last year.

Last year the plant ran intermittently until March, dressing four cars from the first of the year until that time. The advance in price during the Christmas rush stimulated the selling this season according to Mr. McKinzie who places the estimate remaining unsold this year at two or three cars.

While the quantity is less this year, both the quality and price is better, local dealers state. The market opened at fifteen and sixteen cents and closed at twenty three an average of three or four cents higher than in 1929. There were fewer number two turkeys by fifty per cent this year dealers state.

## TWO HURT IN CAR WRECK

Miss Josie Baugh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Baugh of Proctor, suffered a broken jaw and a fractured collar bone and Donald Brooks of Van Dyke received minor bruises when the model T. Ford touring car in which they were driving toward Gustine, five miles out of Comanche near the Tom Sliger farm was wrecked Christmas eve at 7:30 o'clock.

They were brought to Comanche where they were treated by Dr. I. T. Clemons and Dr. J. O. Lane.

According to Mr. Brooks, his car went into a ditch when he drove near the edge when meeting another car.

## Cotton Report

There had been ginned in Comanche County prior to December 13, this season 8782 bales of cotton as compared to 5954 to the corresponding date last year according to John H. Harris, Special Agent.

Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Perry returned Wednesday from a visit in Bartlett.

Mrs. W. G. Barrett and daughter, Alice Lee, are visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. B. W. D. Hill at Dawson

## SHOWING AT HASSE AND KIRK IS A PRODUCER

Oil interest in Comanche County received a new impetus this week when a second showing was encountered in what is called the Hasse well, and when the Kirk well near Duster settled down to a steady production of one hundred barrels per day.

In the Hasse well, which is being drilled by Fain and Associates on what is known as the C. T. White farm, the second showing, which was much better than the first one, was encountered at six hundred feet in a sandy shale with the showing increasing as fifteen feet of additional hole was made.

This is the same formation encountered by Magness and Associates a year ago in a test made by them, but in the new well the showing so far has appeared better.

The well drilled by Frank Kirk of Gorman on his own land between Duster and Sipe Springs was shot week before last, and when casing was set began to flow by heads, the production settling to a one hundred barrel basis.

The Kirk well opens a new territory which has produced some oil before, oil having been produced from the Sloan property nearby.

## SANTA CLAUS GREETED KIDDIES HERE IN PERSON

Santa Claus' visit in person in Comanche Christmas eve day by airplane, culminated in a personal call at some twenty homes where he left candy, fruits, etc., to families he felt especially needed his personal attention.

Santa arrived lust before 12:00 o'clock Wednesday and at 2:00 o'clock appeared on the fire truck calling all children to the court house lawn where he spent more than an hour distributing candy, apples and oranges to children.

Hundreds of boys and girls formed in single file around the court house lawn curb and passed in review before St. Nicholas as he, assisted by five or six of the Fire boys handed out gifts to them for more than an hour from the fire truck.

It was a happy event for the kiddies who began to form in anxious groups long before Santa landed in a parachute after encircling the town in an airplane. A tremendous crowd lined the side walks and sought advantageous places of view as the jolly old man in the customary robe drove around the square on the fire truck with Chief Graham and a few of his fighters preceding the distribution of the gifts.

Mrs. W. B. Cunningham is visiting her son, W. J. Cunningham in Waco.

Mrs. J. H. Barrett of Anson is visiting her son, W. G. Barrett.


## The Majestic Theatre

"Where Comanche Is Entertained"

**FREE FAMILY PASSES**

Each week Fifty Free Family Passes will be given away by the Majestic Theatre. All that you have to do is find your name in the Comanche Chief. Fifty names, with a date after each name, will appear in the Chief each week; on the date designated after each name entitles the family to a Free Show

**READ EVERY PAGE OF THE CHIEF—YOU MAY FIND A FREE SHOW FOR YOUR FAMILY.**

# Miss Nobody from Nowhere

## BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

### First Installment

EXACTLY how and when the experience began, Eve could not afterward explain. It is possible that there had been a blank interval—of twenty minutes, perhaps of half an hour—before she became conscious that anything was wrong. When the knowledge struck her, however, it struck like a blow. She realized with a terrifying certainty not only that she did not know where she was, but that she did not even know who she was.

Her eyes took in her immediate surroundings. She was obviously on a wide street or avenue of a large city, for crowds of men and women hurried past her, and all around there were imposing buildings and shops with flaunting window displays. The street held nothing she could recognize; yet she had a frantic feeling that she really knew it very well. Occasionally she caught words uttered in the throng, and these clearly carried their meaning to her brain; but no one spoke to her and no one looked at her closely.

Something, she knew well enough, was done to persons in a situation like hers. They were asked questions . . . taken somewhere . . . perhaps surrounded by a curious crowd. Every instinct warned her to avoid such a development. She must be so natural in her actions that others would continue to ignore her.

She then became conscious that she was standing still on the sidewalk. She straightened, and, walking to the extreme edge of the curb, looked up and down the street as if waiting for a cab or an omnibus.

But the road had no trolley tracks, and the omnibuses—there *were* omnibuses, and she felt an odd relief at sight of the familiar unwieldy objects—did not stop for passengers in the middle of the block. She read their signs, but these gave her no help, though they led to a deepening of the frantic sense that she knew all about these places if only she could remember *what* she knew.

Her first impulse was to take the next omnibus, to go as far as it would carry her, and thus gain time to pull herself together. But she rejected this. She might be herself again—any minute, and then she would be on familiar ground; whereas, if she wandered from it, who could tell how far she might go, or where? There was a chance, too, that she had a companion who had temporarily lost sight of her, or who was in one of those near-by shops and had asked her to wait. . . . No, she must remain where she was, or near there, for a time at least.

A passing stranger gave her a quick and curious glance. Why? She quickened her pace till she reached the corner; standing there, close to the curb, she looked up and down, as if waiting for a bus.

Looking down at her hands, she had discovered that she was carrying a small bag. In it, surely, there would be cards, or a note-book or letter or some other clue to her identity.

She drew farther away from the waiting group and with trembling fingers opened the bag. Like most of the bags women carry, it was divided into two compartments—a center one, closed, for bank-notes and coins, and the remaining space for miscellaneous possessions. She snapped open the center compartment and saw a reassuring display of bank-notes and silver, which she did not take time to examine. She closed it with a throb of thankfulness (at least she was not destitute) and pulled out the other articles in the purse.

There were only three—a handkerchief without initials, still in the folds the laundress had ironed in it, a small pair of nose-glasses in a silk case, marked with the name of a Paris maker, a vanity-box, containing a mirror, a chamois powder-pad, and a cream face-powder. She glanced into the mirror, and the inspection gave her no shock of surprise. She looked like that, whoever she was. But it was appalling to find nothing helpful in the hand-bag!

Her pockets? Of course she had none. The day was a warm one in early September, and she was wearing a one-piece reseda-green silk gown, with no coat. She looked into the mirror again. It reflected the face of a girl about twenty-two or twenty-three, with bronze-colored hair, bobbed and waved, good features, wide, frightened gray-green eyes, and an unnatural pallor. As she returned the mirror to the bag she discovered that she was wearing a wrist-watch, also of Paris make, on a gold-ribbon band. She took it off and examined it carefully. It bore no individual marking of any kind.

Again she became conscious of curious glances. Before she had time to pull herself together she heard a voice, speaking in accents of authority.

"Anything wrong, miss?" it asked; and she found herself looking up into the eyes of a big policeman.

Her heart stood still, then dropped.

"No," she said quickly. "No, no, of course not."

"Oh, all right," he said easily, but with steady eyes on her face. "Thought you might a lost somethin' from that purse."

She had a feeling that she was in deadly peril. Another moment, and he would be leading her away, to be asked questions she couldn't answer. . . . She must keep steady. . . .

Clearly, it would not do to linger there much longer, and when another omnibus had come and gone she turned away, choosing a cross-street on an impulse to get from under the officer's eyes.

She had walked half a block before she dared to glance back to see if the policeman had followed her. He had not, but some one else had; and even as she turned the pursuer spoke.

"Pardon me. But can I help you in any way?" he asked.

She stared at him with an uprush of anger. Must she be hounded by the inquisitive, or driven mad by some street lizard? But the voice was an agreeable one, and the face at which she looked matched it. It was the tanned, smooth-shaven face of a young man in the middle twenties, with thick brown hair, good features, and unusually heavy eyebrows. She had seen him among those near her while she waited for the omnibus.

"Pardon me," he repeated, and she saw that he held his straw hat in his hand. "You seem to be in some kind of trouble." Seeing the panic in her eyes, he added hastily: "As we're guests at the same hotel, I thought you might let me help you out."

Notwithstanding his tact and his casual tone, the young man was rather overwhelmed by the way the girl's white face seemed to flash into flame as she heard his words. He had been right, then. Something was wrong with her, and it was no trifle, either.

"Oh," she gasped, "you *know* me?"

He controlled his surprise at the strangeness of question and manner, telling himself he must get to the bottom of this. The girl was up against something and was frightened out of her wits.

"I don't," he regretfully admitted, "except by sight. But I've seen you at the table next to mine in the hotel dining-room these last three nights, and that makes me feel that I know you. Perhaps it gives me the right to offer help, if you need any—"

He stopped, and for a moment steadily met what was, he afterwards told himself, the strangest look he had ever seen in a girl's eyes. It held many things, of which the chief was fear, with suspicion added, as well as hesitation, and a dawning, indescribably pathetic hope.

A little farther down the block a public building stood, surrounded by a small park whose outstanding features were a fountain, a few trees, and half a dozen benches. He indicated it with a nod.

"We can't stand here. Let's go into that park," he suggested, in the tone of an older brother. "Then you can tell me what's wrong."

He moved forward as he spoke, assuming that she would go with him, and she went, in silence. That much chance, she told herself, she could take—that much and no more.

He walked on with strides adapted to her shorter steps and she kept close beside him, realizing even in the chaos of the moment that she was beginning to trust him. If he had suddenly left her she would have felt that her last hope had gone, too—that he had broken her only tie with the living world around her. She was like a lost and terrified child to whom a kind stranger has held out a guiding hand.

He found seats on a bench so close to the fountain that its flying spray came almost to their feet. Any girl, she told herself, could trust that nice, tanned, clean-cut, typical American face. Nevertheless, she hesitated to speak. . . .

"What hotel," she asked at last, "were you speaking of just now?"

He warned himself not to show surprise at anything she said.

"Why, the Garland," he told her. "The hotel where you're stopping. I happen to be there, too."

"I'm wondering if you can be mistaken," she faltered. "I don't remember seeing you."

"You wouldn't," he cheerfully admitted, answering the second remark first. "You've never even looked my way. But I'm not mistaken. And I saw you sitting in front of me last night, enjoying 'The Wild Rose.' It's one of the best of the musical comedies, isn't it?"

She drew a quick breath. Something far down within her had responded to that, as if a touched cord had strongly vibrated. . . . Yet she could not remember. . . . She called on her courage and it rallied.

"I'm going to trust you," she said, with a decision that made her voice almost harsh.

"Please do." Again his tone was that of an older brother, and again she met the quiet regard of those dependable brown eyes. They held no suspicion, no curiosity, not even a too obtrusive sympathy.

"If you are right about the hotel," she said, "I can go back there and look at the register. Then I can get in touch with my family and friends, if I have any. I suppose I must have some . . . don't you think so?"

"Of course you have," he told her. "But you may be all over this before you get downtown."

He saw her lips relax in something that was almost a smile.

"Thank you so much. I'm trying to keep steady," she said, rising as she spoke; "but I want to get to that hotel as soon as I can, and look myself up. Isn't it a weird situation?" she added, with something that was half a laugh and half a strangled sob. "Where is the Garland?"

He told her. "I'll get a taxicab for you," he added.

As they waited together at the curb he asked impulsively:

"Will you let me go with you? I might be of some use. But of course that's for you to decide."

An empty cab approached and stopped at his signal. He helped her into it, repeated the address to the driver, and stepped back from the curb, bareheaded, accepting her silence as dismissal.

"No, no!" she cried. "Get in, please. I'd rather have you with me."

"I'm glad of that," he said as he took his place beside her. "But I think your troubles will soon be over."

She was becoming more hopeful, too. She had the feeling of one who, from the bottom of a black pit into which he has fallen, sees a glimpse of light at its mouth. Yet . . . suppose this Good Samaritan was mistaken?

"The Garland's a nice old hotel," she heard him say, with the matter-of-factness that was so cheering. "To my mind it's the best of the hotels of its type—the kind that used to be fashionable before the city moved away from them."

He saw that she was not listening, and he decided to risk a small experiment.

"Do you know what city you're in?" he asked her.

"No, not even that."

"This is New York."

"Oh . . . New York!" She raised a lighted face to him.

"That means something to you, doesn't it?"

"Yes." Her face shadowed again and puckered like a frightened child's. "But I don't know just what it means—whether I've been here, or whether I've just read about it."

"You were on Fifth Avenue when you waited for the bus."

"Fifth Avenue." She repeated the words, but vaguely. He went on talking, pointing out the city's landmarks, hoping that one of them would "ring a bell," as he mentally expressed it; but again she hardly listened. She was following her own reflections, and now he learned what they were.

"I have a horror of becoming 'a case'," she said in a shaking voice. "Is there any way of learning who I am without letting others know what's wrong?—without really asking at the desk, I mean."

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"Anything wrong, Miss?" She found herself looking into the eyes of a big policeman.

### HASSE

Rev. Smallwood filled his regular appointment here Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Carter and children, Jewel, Miss Fern and Mrs. F. F. Carter who have been visiting his sister, Mrs. C. E. Huffman returned to their home in Walters, Okla., Friday. This was Mr. Carter's first visit to Comanche County in 27 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleet Gill of Lubbock visited last week with friends and relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Huffman and son, Lloyd Murrell, Mr. and Mrs. Hearwick and children of Ranger spent last Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Huffman.

Mr. and Mrs. Early Williford entertained the young people with a party Saturday night.

Ralph Huffman of Oklahoma City is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Huffman, this week.

Ed Huffman and son, R. G. was in Brownwood on business Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl King and daughter, Gwen Navett of Oklahoma City are here visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willis King and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Huffman.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Gaynes entertained the young people with a 42 and bridge party Friday night.

### BLACK WALNUTS WANTED

We are in the market for black walnuts and will pay 1c per pound with the husk off. Cannot use real small walnuts, see that they run around an inch in diameter which is not large for walnuts, also, see that you get New crop nuts.

Still buying pecans and if you have any bring them in as we have the highest market.—Durham Pecan Co.

### LAMKIN

Weldon Lynch and wife of New Mexico and his mother of Big Spring visited G. B. Lynch and family here Saturday.

Miss Willie Eargle of McAllen spent Christmas week here with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Eargle.

J. F. Burt is confined to his room with two broken ribs, the result of falling from a road drag.

On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 20, fire which originated when flames spread from a gas stove, completely destroyed the cafe and garage of J. S. Jackson in Lamkin. Both buildings and contents were a complete loss with no insurance. Work is being rushed on the reconstruction of the garage.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcom Shockley and her mother, Mrs. T. Brandt, visited in Corpus Christi last week, being accompanied home by her son, Carl Brandt.

J. B. Cooper who has been working at Trinidad the past 2 months has returned home. He was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Holder and daughter.

Mrs. Gainor Jeffery has returned to her home here after spending several months with her daughter, Mrs. Sam Long of Dallas.

Miss Clarice McCarty and parents of Brownwood visited Uncle Bill and Aunt Het Baggett last week.

Mrs. Coda Baggett and children, Misses Ouida, Coda Mozell and Kenneth of Stephenville spent Christmas here.

Miss Dorma Crain of Hamilton spent last week here with Miss Nadine Crain.

Mrs. M. D. Carmichael and children, Miss Lillian, Troy, Evart and Jerome of Corpus Christi spent Christmas here with Mr. Carmichael

Campbell, Day and Felix Brandt of San Marcos visited home folks last week.

Luther Daniel and family are moving to his farm south of Gustine. J. O. Tally and wife are moving from Lamkin back to their farm.

After spending a few days here Miss Alda Morton left for the home of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. O. A. Morton in Rockwood.

Cullen Campbell of San Marcos spent last week here with his parents.

Miss Minia Pearl Woolley came in for a visit here from San Marcos.

At the Telephone Board Election held last Saturday in Lamkin, the following were elected: President, Charlie Anderson, Vice President, W. L. Hamilton; Operator and Secretary, Mrs. Ecce Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Jackson, Emma Lee and Madelene visited Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hamilton Sunday evening.

### BAPTIST WORKER'S CONFERENCE

**Sidney, Texas, Tuesday, January 6, 1931**

10:00 to 10:15—Devotional, Derrol Nabors.

10:15 to 11:00—Church Obligations to Christ, Howard Moore

11:00 to 12:00—Sermon, Bro. Barrett.

12:00 to 1:30—Noon.

1:30 to 1:45—Singing and Devotional.

1:45 to 2:15—Standard Sunday School, Bro. W. M. Scott.

2:15 to 3:00—Why have a W. M. S. in the Rural Churches?, Mrs. M. A. Davis.

4:00—Round Table Discussion—What we ought to do for Associational Missions led by Bro. Joe Isabel.

### BURNS—FAGAN

Harry T. Burns and Miss Lois Fagan were married in Comanche, Wednesday, December 24, the ceremony being performed by Rev. E. M. Dailey at his residence.

Mrs. Burns is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jess Fagan of Sidney Star Route and was reared in the Brysonville community. Mr. Burns came into the county about a year ago from Oklahoma and lives west of Comanche.

### ROGERS—GILBREATH

A wedding of interest to Comanche county people was solemnized in Palestine last week when Miss Dossie Gilbreath was married to Ralph Rogers.

Mrs. Rogers is the daughter of Sheriff and Mrs. J. T. Gilbdeath and formerly taught in this county For the past several years she has been associated in the photographers business with Mr. Rogers and his partner, Mr. Price.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers spent the holidays in Comanche with her parents.

### COX—RITCHEY

A marriage between two Comanche County people was solemnized in Marietta, Oklahoma, Saturday, December 20, when Miss Cremora Ritchey became the wife of Howard Cox.

Both young people are from Sidney where they were reared. Mrs. Cox being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Ritchey and Mr. Cox the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cox.

F. N. ROBERTS—(formerly The Roberts Co. S. M. Experts) will be here Saturday's and Monday's, working on family Sewing Machines; work guaranteed, known in Comanche for over 2 years.—North 2nd. St., 4 blocks west of Square. Phone 442. tf

### CALLS ATTENTION TO NEW SPELLING RULES

There has been a radical change made in the rules for the Spelling contest in the University Interscholastic League this year, according to Miss Pearl Boyd, who was elected Director of Spelling in this county at the recent teachers' institute.

Formerly, said Miss Boyd, "the contest has been based solely upon the spelling lists issued by the League Burea, Division of Extension. This year, however, the contest is based not only on this list, but on words in the State Adopted spelling book. Preparation of students for the contest therefore will involve a mastery of words in bouth sources, the League lists and the State Adopted Text.

"Teachers are also cautioned that the contest involves plain writing as well as spelling. Often a good speller is a poor writer and it is necessary to coach such contestants in plain writing. Every letter in a spelling paper must be clearly legible.

"No more valuable training, in my opinion, can be given our pupils than that involved in adequate preparation for this contest. The words prescribed are all words in common use, and words therefore for which the student has constant use. Moreover, the ability to write a clear, legible hand is an accomplishment which many graduates of our schools fail to acquire; yet in business and the professions, and even in the trades such an ability is of the utmost importance.

"The Constitution and Rules of the League is now available, and teachers in member-schools may secure a copy by addressing the League Bureau, University Station, Austin, Texas." Miss Boyd said.

On Comanche Route 3—O. L. Arthur, J. E. Adams, Mrs. Jewell Adams, Mrs. R. A. Allen will be given a free pass to the picture show Wednesday, Jan. 7.

### BUFFALO

Olene Brinson, Alma Ruth Belyeu and LaVerne Hanson spent Christmas eve night with Mr. and Mrs. John Parker.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hanson and son, J. T. of Proctor attended the musicale which was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bert McGuire Christmas night.

Mr. and Mrs. Riley Wilkerson and little daughter, Blanche spent the day with Mrs. Julia Brown of Suez Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Asier Shiflet and family are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Baugh and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Corty Robertson and family of Winters spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert McGuire.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyn Lesley returned home from Haskell county where they have been visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Monroe and son, Martin spent Christmas with relatives of this community.

John V. Gregory who has been working at New Mexico has returned home.

Troy Brown of near DeLeon visited Ossie Wilkerson this week.

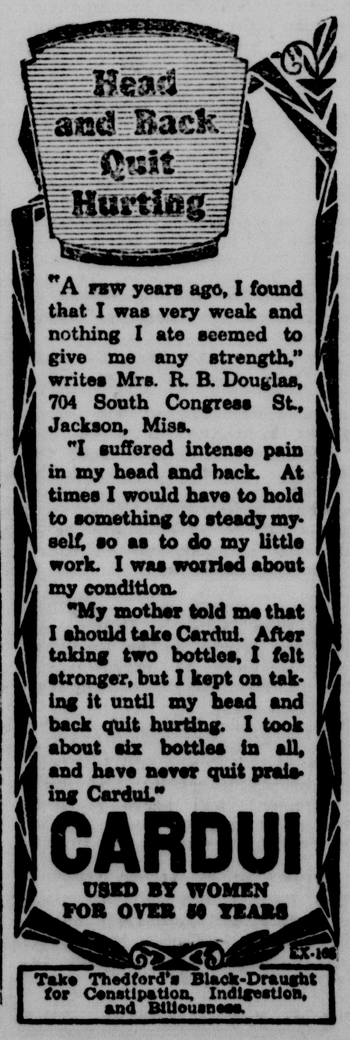
### BLANKET CIRCUIT

Services at Blanket Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. and Epworth League at 6 p. m.

Our first quarterly conference will be held at Zephyr Sunday, January 11, preaching at the eleven o'clock hour by Dr. W. H. Coleman, our presiding elder Dinner will be served at the church at noon and the business session will be held at 2 o'clock. Every official of the church is urged to be present with as full a report as possible.

J. D. Sr[illegible] Pastor.

For Light Testing—Come to The Comanche Motor Co.


"A few years ago, I found that I was very weak and nothing I ate seemed to give me any strength," writes Mrs. R. B. Douglas, 704 South Congress St., Jackson, Miss.

"I suffered intense pain in my head and back. At times I would have to hold to something to steady myself, so as to do my little work. I was worried about my condition.

"My mother told me that I should take Cardui. After taking two bottles, I felt stronger, but I kept on taking it until my head and back quit hurting. I took about six bottles in all, and have never quit praising Cardui."

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Let us make New Safe Flues for you
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IN 1931
Let us help you in washing and cleaning your car with latest equipment—Oiling and adjusting—Make driving a Greater Pleasure
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Ask for these at your grocers
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Life Insurance
Yes we write Life Insurance along with all other lines of Insurance. We can make you SAFE in all lines and save you money in many lines:
REAL ESTATE
Good home and some cash to exchange for good farm in Comanche County.—This home is in town of Comanche.
100 acre farm for sale. Will take home and lot as cash payment.
J. R. Eanes & Co.
J. R. EANES Phone 128 JNO. D. WARING

# Miss Nobody From Nowhere . .

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

(Continued from Page 2)

"Yes," he told her, thinking it out as he spoke. "We can do it like this: I will get out of the cab a block from the hotel and walk the rest of the way. When you reach the Garland, go to the desk in the main hall, and ask the clerk if there's any mail for you. If there is, it may give you all the information you need. Anyway, it will give you your name. If there isn't any mail, the clerk may mention your name as he tells you so. In any case, go from the desk to the writing-room at the left of the entrance, and sit down at one of the double writing-tables. I will come into the hotel just behind you, and after you have left the desk, if I see that you haven't got anything, I'll ask Robinson, the day clerk, who you are and where you're from. He'll tell me. He's a nice chap, and we've talked a lot since I came. Then I'll come in and sit down opposite you at the desk you have chosen, and if there's any one else in the room I will cater to convention by asking you to lend me a blotter or something of that sort. We can fall into a low-voiced chat, and I'll tell you what I've learned."

"You think of everything," she assured him, with relief; and again there was a faint suggestion of a smile around her mouth.

There was no trace of a smile ten minutes later, however, when the clerk, having greeted her with evident recognition but without mentioning her name, turned from his inspection of the mail rack to tell her there were no letters. It was a heavy blow, but she left the desk without signs of its effect. The hotel was strange to her. Nothing she saw suggested that she had ever been there before, except the attitude of the clerk. He had gone to the mail rack with the assurance of one who knew exactly what he was looking for, and he had also run over a few letters that had just been dropped on his desk. On a second thought she turned back to him.

"My key, please."

He took a key from the rack and handed it to her, and when she had found the writing-room and sat down at a table she looked at the number on the brass tag. One hundred and twenty-eight. So the young man with the nice face was right that far. She was a registered guest at this hotel; and the hotel itself, though a trifle passé, was reassuring in appearance and atmosphere.

Her slight delay had caused her to pass her new acquaintance in the lobby and he stepped aside to make way for her, raising his hat with conventional courtesy as he did so. She responded with an almost imperceptible negative sign, but he saw it and approached his friend Robinson.

"Who is that girl?" he asked casually, nodding at the slight retreating figure, as he lit the match he had asked for and applied it to a cigarette. "She sits at the table next to mine."

Robinson gave him an understanding grin.

"Easy to look at, isn't she? Her name is Parsons, I think—Miss Eve Parsons. At least it's as much like that on the register as like anything. She begins a word with one big clear letter and goes on with a wavy line. But we've called her Miss Parsons ever since she came and she answers to it," he added philosophically, "so I guess it's all right."

"Where's she from?"

The young man lounged against the desk in the manner of a visitor to the city, talking without much interest but to kill time; and the clerk good-humoredly bore with him, having nothing else to do at the moment.

"That's another queer thing," Robinson remembered. "I can't make out her home town, except that it begin with N. I meant to ask her, but I forgot. Jenkins, the night clerk, was here when she registered three nights ago and he didn't pay much attention, because she said she was leaving again the next morning. I suppose she changed her mind, the way women do," he ended with large tolerance. "Anyway, you see she didn't go."

"How about her letters? They would settle the matter of the name, at least," the guest suggested.

"She hasn't had any, yet."

"I wonder if I could make out the names. I'm rather good at reading scrawls. Do you mind letting me look at the register?"

Robinson produced the book, turning back two pages with a smile.

As he talked he ran a finger down the short list of entries, but his companion, whose interest seemed deeper now, found the name they wanted, before the clerk did.

"Here it is," the guest exclaimed, adding absently, "That's odd," as he studied the wavy line of the last word.

"Can you make out the town?" The clerk was beginning to think there might be more in this than appeared on the surface. The guest's face took on its most matter-of-fact expression, and he glanced at his watch as if abruptly reminded of the flight of time. "It seems to be Nilport," he indifferently suggested; "one of those small towns one never hears of unless one lives in them."

"Memory may come back at any minute, you know, as suddenly as it left," he again reminded her.

The young man strolled away into the writing-room. It was empty except for the girl, so he wasted no time but went directly to her and seated himself in a chair beside hers.

"Good afternoon, Miss Parsons," he began.

She drew a quick breath.

"Is that it?"

"No, but that's what they call you here at the hotel."

She looked confused and puzzled.

"It doesn't mean anything to me," she bleakly admitted, "but what makes you think it isn't right?"

"Because I happen to know a little French."

As she waited uncomprehendingly, he took a card from the desk rack, wrote a line on it, and laid it before her.

"Your signature on the register isn't very legible," he explained, "and the hotel people interpreted your name as Parsons. But this is what it looked like. Does that mean anything?"

She shook her head.

"Evidently you know French; don't you?"

"I think I do. I'm not very sure about what I know and what I don't know."

"Then let me write it more clearly as I interpret it. Does *this* mean anything?" He wrote another card and she read it in a low voice.

"'Miss Eve Personne, Nulle part.' . . . 'Miss Eve Nobody, Nowhere,' she slowly translated, and looked at him with a whitening face. "What does it mean?"

There was a note of actual hysteria in her voice, and he quieted her with a quick gesture.

"Don't be frightened," he begged. "We're getting our explanation, but we've got to do some guesswork. It may mean that you were rather desperate when you came here. Perhaps you were afraid of a nervous breakdown and felt it coming; perhaps you were hiding from some one; anyway, you certainly registered in a way that gave no clue to who you are."

"Then we're just where we were!" she cried out. "*What* shall I do?"

He found his card-case and taking a card from it, laid the bit of pasteboard beside the two already on the desk before her.

"First of all, remember that this little episode won't last long. Then remember that I'm here to see you through," he said comfortably. "I am your friend and brother for the time, if you will have me." It was hard to see that look of terror in her eyes. "Memory may come back any minute, you know, as suddenly as it left," he again reminded her.

To steady her he pushed his card directly under her eyes and went on talking.

"'Eric Hamilton, The University Club'," he read aloud, and added the penciled word "Chicago" to the address. She gathered up the three cards without comment and dropped them into her hand-bag.

"Evidently I have a room in this hotel," she said. "Perhaps when I go to it I shall find some papers or other clues in my luggage."

He looked at his watch and casually added that he had a suggestion to make. He had been thinking hard.

"It's quarter of six," he said. "Suppose we dine here together at seven. You must eat something, you know, to keep up your strength. Then, if you haven't found any more clues in your room, I shall ask you to let me look up the best psychiatrist in town and have him come here this evening."

As she began to protest he raised his hand.

"Just hear me through," he begged. "I know a little about such cases, and my theory is that you will be all right in a day or two, or in a few days at the most. I mean to stand by till you are. But I want to find a reliable man, and have him see you, and give him all the facts we know and show him my own credentials, so that he'll let me act as your counselor and friend. If you insist, we will wait till morning to send for him. If you seriously object to a doctor, we won't have one. I am not going to risk losing, by officiousness, any confidence you may have in me. But I've simply *got* to tell you what I think we ought to do, and then let you make your own decisions. You see that, don't you? I wouldn't be worthy of your trust in me if I didn't do it."

She drew a deep sigh that was half a groan.

"It's amazingly kind of you to take all this trouble. I wonder if I've ever had an attack like this before. Somehow I feel that I haven't. I know you are being a Good Samaritan. And," she slowly admitted, "I suppose you are right about sending for the specialist."

Mr. R. Stephen Carrick, who dropped in at eight o'clock with the casual air of one making an evening call, was as human as he was distinguished. He listened patiently to Hamilton's preliminary recital, asked a few leading questions, and made a thorough examination of his patient in a manner that was not too impressive. He left Miss Parsons very much encouraged—they had decided to adopt the hotel's name for her—but when he found himself alone with Hamilton in the hotel writing-room his manner was less care-free.

"It's a case one can't safely make any predictions about," he confessed. "If we knew what had caused the condition, or what the patient's previous life has been, we could do some guessing; and one man's guess would be about as good as another's.

"Her general health seems to be good. She's a highstrung, temperamental creature, but she has dignity and poise, even in this condition, and I'd wager she's kept herself pretty well in hand all her life. I'm guessing that some big jolt caused this—something that just about sent her off her head."

On the whole, their talk left the Good Samaritan glad he had shared his responsibilities; and later, in Miss Parson's upstairs sitting-room, he gave her a carefully edited report of Carrick's conclusions.

"He thinks, as I do," he robustly announced, "that it's merely a temporary matter. He told you that, himself. Your memory may return any minute, or it may not come back for some time—possibly not for several days," he optimistically added, observing the quick change in her expression.

"As I expected, he wants a nurse with you at night," he went on, "and he will send a good one within an hour. He knows of just the right person. I'll stay with you till she comes. She is an understanding, tactful woman, and she realizes that she is engaged simply as a companion."

When he stopped she rose and walked to a window of her sitting-room, where she stood for a moment with her back to him, staring out at the night. He had too much understanding to speak or even to approach her. But he could watch her, and he did.

She was very slight and girlish, and in the rather dim room the light from a gold-shaded bulb near her gave her bobbed bronze-tinted hair the effect of a halo around her small head. Her situation moved him profoundly. Life was a queer thing, he told himself as solemnly as if the discovery had been unique. Last night at this time he hadn't known that girl was on earth. Tonight she was his biggest interest, his greatest responsibility.

(Continued on Page 4)

## MERCER GAP

Winston Couch of Abilene spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Couch.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Z. Stevens of Brownwood spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. McKinzie, and Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Stevens.

Mrs. Charlie Rogers and sons of Fort Worth are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Gore.

Mr. and Mrs. Nolan Rogers of Durain spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. T. M. McKinzie and Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Rogers.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Gober spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Jackson of Troy.

The young people were entertained Friday night with a party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. McKinzie.

Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Fletcher of Harmony visited Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Couch Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. McKinzie spent Sunday with his son and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McKinzie of Holcomb.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Brown of Abilene spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Brown.

Visit us in our new location, just south of Durham Bros. Newest modern equipment to give you the very best service. Telephone 504—Chief Dry Cleaners.

## VAN DYKE

Van Dyke school opened Monday after the holidays for Christmas.

M. G. Hurt visited in this community last week, enroute to his home in Iradell.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Carter and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. R. Wills and Mrs. Mary Caudle of Carlton spent Sunday with Mrs. F. M. Tiner.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Jackson and Omer Tullos of Fort Worth spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Tullos.

Mr. and Mrs. Ollie McDaniel of Fort Worth and Mr. and Mrs. Delmar McDaniel of Hamilton spent Saturday with their parents Mr. and Mrs. G. S. McDaniel.

Mrs. G. E. Boynton and children of Logan Gap spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. F. M. Tiner.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Samuels and family are moving to Gap.

AUTHORIZED LIGHT TESTING
Prompt Service at Howard Motor Co.

## INDIAN CREEK

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Burdett of Rochester spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Burdett.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Beam of Fort Worth spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Tipps.

Mrs. Bob Stewart and children of Sidney spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. D. W. Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Arley Bowman and Carlton Bowman of Amherst spent Christmas in this community visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathe Horner of San Angelo spent last week with their daughter, Mrs. Elmer Isham and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill Lamberth and children of Fort Worth spent Christmas Day with Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Cleere.

Misses Lillie Belle and Melbie Bee Wilson of Shiloh spent Saturday night with their sister, Mrs. Herbert Lee Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Pinkard spent Christmas with their son, Harl Pinkard and wife of Sweetwater.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Winn of Brownwood spent Christmas day with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Claud York.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Bowman had as dinner guests Christmas: Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Horner of Comanche, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Swearington of Sidney, Miss Jessie Horner of Broman, Mr. and Mrs. Shortie Coker of Robersonville and Mr. and Mrs. Rube Loftis of Santa Anna.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Howell of Robersonville visited their son, Lamar Howell Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie McDonald of Comanche spent Saturday night with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Love spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. Philip Dingus of Comanche.

## LANGLEY—DAVIS

Miss Ella, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Davis of Proctor, Route 2, was married to W. C. Langley of Lingleville on Tuesday, December 23, the ceremony being performed by Rev. J. L. Woolsey.

Mrs. Langley was reared in Comanche County and attended school at Hasse and Proctor. Mr. Langley formerly lived near Hasse and later at Sidney before moving to Erath County.

Carbon Paper for tracing—large sheets. Black 10c per sheet. Colors 15c per sheet—Comanche Chief

## DUSTER

The young people of Duster sernaded Thursday night. The group returned to the home of Miss Wilma Gray and enjoyed games of 42 and were served cake.

Miss Geneva Nash of Denton spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Nash.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker and family visited their son at Breckenridge Thursday.

Misses Pauline and Mozel visited their brother, Marvin Blair of Gorman last week.

Austin and Justine Holmes who are in college at Cisco spent the Christmas holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Holmes.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gray and children of Cisco visited C. B. Gray Sunday.

Miss Fleda Tunnell spent Christmas week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Tunnell of Duffau.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Huddleston entertained the young people with a forty-two party Saturday night.

Miss Myrtle Gregory of Plainview spent Christmas week with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Bufford Simmons.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Boseman and Mr. Kennedy of Cross Plains and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Gray and children of DeLeon visited Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Blair and family Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Haynes and family visited relatives in Fort Worth Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Whatley and daughter, Arra Lee visited relatives at Wingate last week.

Miss Annie Laura Elly of Roswell, New Mexico is visiting relatives here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Huddleston enjoyed a Christmas dinner with the following present, Thursday: Mr. and Mrs. Bill Huddleston and baby, of Duster, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Burleson and son of Ballinger, Mr. and Mrs. Author Plumbly and sons of Pioneer, and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Halbrooks of Trinity, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Huddleston and family of Duster, Mrs. Tennyson, Amos Tennyson, Claude Walbus and mother of Breckenridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Carrol Hare and son spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Cain and family of Fort Worth.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Halbrooks entertained with a party Wednesday night.

Bryon Gregory who is attending schol at Stephenville spent the holidays at home.

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ELKINS TIN SHOP
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Anything in Sheet Metal
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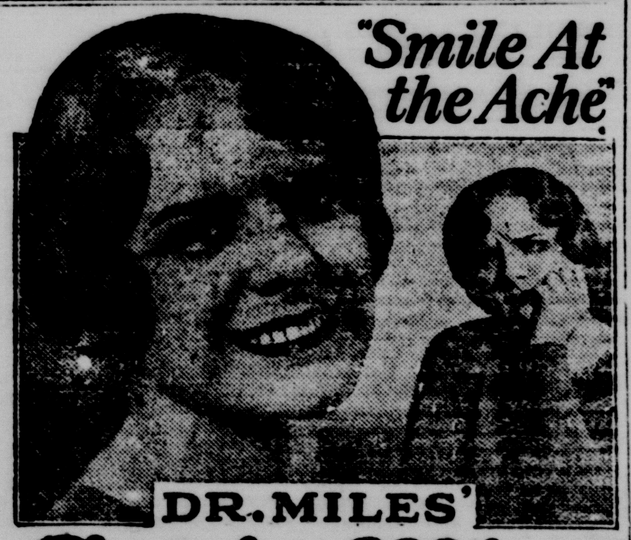
Last Days for Ginning Announced

The Blue Gin will gin cotton Friday, January 2 and again on Friday, Jan. 9. January 9 positively will be the last day we will gin or buy cotton.

We will buy cotton every day at the gin up to January 9.

THE BLUE GIN
JOE McILROY, Manager
(No. 20-21)

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Physicians have been writing prescriptions for a similar combination for years.

The Dr. Miles Medical Company has standardized this well balanced formula and is glad to offer it in the form of a stable, palatable, mint-flavored tablet for home use. Pocket Size 15c, Regular Package 25c

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| MEAT TO BOIL—Pound | .14 |
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| PORK & BEANS—Three Cans | .25 |
| HOMINY—Extra Large Can | .12 |
| BLACK EYED PEAS—California Grown | .8 1-3 |
| TURNIP GREENS,—Medium Can | .14 |
| DILL PICKLES—Large Can | .24 |
| CUT STRINGLESS BEANS—Medium Can | .14 |
| PICKLES, SOUR—Full Quart | .24 |
| MACARONI OR SPAGHETTI, Pkg. | .07 |
| JELLO—All Flavors | .25 |
| OATS GOLD MEDAL—Premium in every Pkg. | .24 |
| LAMP CHIMNEYS, Each | .08 |
| OLD DUTCH CLEANER, Two Cans | .15 |
| PEACHES—Pound | .12 1-2 |
| PRUNES—Pound | .12 1-2 |
| APRICOTS—Pound | .15 |
| APPLES | .15 |
| RAISINS—Two Pounds | .18 |
| CRACKERS—Three Pound Box | .39 |
| SYRUP—Cane Crush, Gallon | .80 |
| SYRUP—Golden Breakfast Syrup, Gallon | .74 |
| ORANGES, Large Size—Sweet and Juicy, Doz. | .30 |
| APPLES—Large Size, Dozen | .25 |
| RICE—Full Frain, Four Pounds | .25 |
| TOMATOES—Canned, Small Size—Three Cans | .24 |
| TOMATOES—Large Size, Three Cans | .28 |
| CATSUP—Large Bottle | .17 |
| HOT SAUCE—Bottle | .24 |
| BUCKETS—Ten Quarts, Each | .19 |
| MAPLE SYRUP In Bottles—Each | .17 |
| STRAWBERRY PRESERVES—Half Gallon | .98 |
| MUSTARD—Prepared, 18¢ and | .10 |
| MACKEREL In Can—Two Cans | .25 |
| SALMON—Two Cans | .25 |
| CAN APRICOTS—Fine Quality, Each | .24 |
| COCOANUT—In Bulk, Pound | .30 |
| CRANBERRIES, Fine Quality—Quart | .19 |
| SHORTENING—Eight Pound Bucket | .99 |
| COOKING OIL—Gallon | .88 |
| SOAP—For your laundry—Seven Bars | .25 |

THE STATE OF TEXAS,

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Comanche County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon W. C. Shelton by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 52nd Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District to said 52nd Judicial District; to appear at the regular term of the Justice Court of Justice Precinct No. 1, Comanche County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in Comanche, on the last Monday in January A. D. 1931, the same being the 26th day of January A. D. 1931, then and there to answer a demand filed in said Court on 23 day of October A. D. 1930, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 3802, wherein The First State Bank of Comanche, Texas, a corporation is Plaintiff, and W. C. Shelton is Defendant, To answer a suit on a mortgage note dated June 3, 1930 for the principal sum of $51.25, maturing August 5, 1930, interest at ten per cent from maturity and ten per cent attorney's fee secured by a mortgage on four head of cattle fully described in said mortgage, said note payable to plaintiff Bank at Comanche, Texas.

Plaintiff prays for judgement for its debt and foreclosure of mortgage lien and costs of suit.

Herein Fail Not, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given Under My Hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in Comanche, Texas, this the 17th day of December A. D. 1930.

D. C. Dingus, Justice Precinnct No. 1, Justice Court Comanche County. 18-21

LOOK AT YOUR SHOES

The cutting in half of your shoe bill is made possible by means of 1-2 soling E'm in time. The longer you wear a pair of shoes the more you become attached to them and are more comfortable. Don't throw them away, bring them to me and have them rebuilt for a fraction of the coust of a new pair and can get unused service out of them that would have been lost or thrown away.

Bring E'm To
COLLINS SHOE SHOP
Your patronage appreciated

NOTICE AUTO OWNERS

If you live in Comanche County register your car in Comanche ounty. Your Precinct gets the money.

Register your car early to avoid the rush in the latter part of January. Your co-operation appreciated.—Mrs. B. W. Speed, Tax Collector tf

For Light Testing—Come to The Comanche Motor Co.

# The Comanche Chief

Established 1878

THE COMANCHE PUBLISHING CO.
PUBLISHERS

Entered at the Post Office at Comanche Texas, as Second Class Mail Matter

Subscription Price $1.50 Per Year


## CLASSIFIED ADS

FOUND—Pair ladies' Kid gloves. Owner can have same by identifying and paying 25c for this ad. Call at Chief. 1t

LOST—Firemans' Cap at Airplaine Circus. Return appreciated by—Frank Vineyard, Comanche, Texas.

GOOD REGISTERED BULL — For Service (Stock Brown Butter Lad) Will serve at my barn. Fee $2.00, when served. Will come and get your cows for 50 cents extra. Anywhere in City.—Phone 141. J. D. Smoot 1t

FOR RENT CHEAP—My home in east Comanche. See the Widow Auvenshine or Dow Auvenshine. (1t)

Visit us in our new location, just south of Durham Bros. Newest modern equipment to give you the very best service. Telephone 504—Chief Dry Cleaners.

RHODE ISLAND REDS—Eggs, cockerels, and pullets, for sale from my prize winning birds at reasonable prices. These chickens are all pure blooded and have run over some of the best flocks in the South and are bred for both egg and meat production. —Mrs. J. H. Frater, Comanche, Texas. tf

BUSINESS HOUSE—On Square for rent. Possession Jan. 1, 1931. Good Building and good location —E. G. Neely. tf

OLD MATTRESSES—Made good as new modern matress making. We call for and deliver. Phone 197— Jess Atwood. tf

FOR SALE OR TRADE—A good second hand 3 inch wagon. Also have small sandy land farm for rent—Jesse Fagan, Sidney, Texas. tf

SOME GOOD—Young mules and horses for sale on time—See J. B. Chilton tf

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Two lots and good 4 room house with 2 porches. Has dug well with 32 feet of water, barn and cow shed. One block from school. Also 4 acres near City Square at Round Mountain in Blanco County. Good house, good water, and chicken fence. Will trade in on farm in Comanche County, Write for information—Ben Jones Marble Falls, Texas. 17-20p

FOR SALE—Complete set of Drug Store Fixtures. Including Frigidaire, Mechanical Soda Fountain. Will sell entire outfit at less than 50c on the Dollar. Terms if desired.—See N. N. Durham. tf

FOR MONEY—Rent my farm 3 1-2 miles west of Comanche—Mrs. O. P. Adams, 706 Worford St., Wichita Falls, Texas. 18-20p

LOST—On December 10, a boomer between Comanche and Mullen, Leave at Dudley's Tire Exchange or with Sutton Dudley. Reward —Sutton Dudley, Comanche or Mullen. 1tp

I WANT—To buy some good second hand 2x4 and 2x6 and flooring lumber.—W. H. Burton 1tp

LOST—A ladys' black purse between Comanche and Blanket, containing $24 in money and some papers of the Houston Land Bank. Leave at Chief office or with owner. Reward.—Mrs. Susie E. Powers. Blanket, Texas. 1tp

FOR RENT—Upstairs room with private Lavatory and Toilet—Apply to Miss Addie Harvey. 1t

FOR SALE—A gas cook stove and a gas heater. Both nearly new.—See Henry Taylor at Higginbothams Lumber Yard. 1t

LOST—Mud chain for truck. Between my home and Hazel Dell. Reward for return to John Riordan, Comanche, Texas. Route 5. 1t

### POSTED NOTICE

I have leased what is known as the City pasture and hunting and all forms of trespassing are positively forbidden on this or any of my property. This applies to all and violations will be prosecuted.—Camille Fleming. 21-23

GENTLE WORK MULES—For Sale.—Are young. Fall terms if desired—H. F. Northcutt, Comanche, Route 1. 20-21p

MULES FOR SALE—Six good work mules, to sell for cash or good notes. See R. E. Daniel at Davenport Chevrolet Company. Brownwood, Texas. 1tp

WANTED—To Buy a good used car( Prefer Chevrolet, four door sedan. Must be in good shape—See E. M. Daily, Comanche. 1t

LOST—A brown leather purse, somewhere in town Tuesday, Dec. 23. Finder please leave at Chief office or notify —Fannie Luckie, Indian Gap, Texas. 1tp

On Democrat Star—C. S. Allen, M. B. Anderson, J. B. Aldridge, Mrs. Geo. Black, will be given a free pass to the picture show, Wednesday, January 7.

GAS COOK STOVE — For Sale at bargain. See J. P. Howard at Garage or Telephone 369. 1t

### PLANT NOW!

During January I will make special reduced prices on all shrubbery and plants that I have for sale.—The following list will give you an idea of the saving you can make by buying now—

| | |
|---|---|
| Cedrus Deodara, 2 to 3 ft. | $1.75 |
| Baker Pyramidal, 2 to 3 ft. | $2.00 |
| Arizona Cypress, 2 to 3 | $2.0[illegible] |
| Special Arizona's, 3 to 5, | $1.75 |
| Chinese Arbovitae, 3 to 6 | $1.25 |
| Texana Glauca—Better Than Rosedale, 12 to 18 in. | 50c |
| Bonitas, 12 to 18 in. | 50c |
| Crepe Myrtle, red and pink, | 50c |
| Butterfly Bush—Tamerix and—others, large plants, | 25c |
| All 2 yr. Roses | 40c |
| Polyanthas and small roses, | 35c |
| Chinese Elms, Weeping Willows, etc. | 10c and 20c |
| Armor River Privet, 12 to 18 in. Per 100 | $2.00 |
| Per 50 | $1.25 |

Larger plants if desired
All plants state inspected and guaranteed.
Many other plants and shrubs at big reduction if you buy during January.—Write or call and see them.—Mrs. Claude George Telephone 104. Comanche, Texas.

Highest prices paid for your produce, cream, poultry, eggs—Peerless Produce Co.

### HONORS SON WITH DINNER PARTY

The Christmas motif was carried out in the decorations by Mrs. T. J. Williams Wednesday evening when she entertained for her son, Herbert and Tobe Flato, of the University of Texas who is the guest of Herbert.

A seven o'clock five course dinner was served to Mr. and Mrs. Williams and son, Walter, Mrs. Coman Shear of Waco, Misses Ruby Dudley, Ora Mills, Thelma Barrett, Berta Goodson, Catherine Clarke, Jake Durham, Gail Dudley, Walter Lowe of DeLeon and the honorees.

The menu was oyster cock-tail, tomato soup, and saltine flakes, perfection salad, creamed peas, creamed potatoes, gravy, fried chicken, asparagus on toast, Mexican spaghetti, cranberry sauce, candied yams, peach ice cream, fruit cake, parched nuts and after dinner coffee.

After the dinner, the young people enjoyed bridge until midnight, when they went to town and helped welcome in the New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Twaddell, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Williams and son of Dallas and Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Robertson of Sherman have been visiting Mrs. Will Roberson.

Mrs. Tom Purvis and Austin Clemons of Proctoor, Mrs. Frank Luker of Mart, Mrs. Carrie Friend of Brownwood.

Now we want your turkeys when the market opens.—Bring us your cream—Peerless Produce Co.


RED HOT PRICES FOR NEW YEAR SATURDAY AND MONDAY

| | |
|---|---|
| Forty-Eight Lbs. B-K Flour, per sack | $1.10 |
| Royal Meal, per sack, | .54 |
| American Beauty Meal per sack, | .58 |
| A Good Peaberry Coffee, Five Lbs. | $1.00 |
| Eight Lb. Bucket Lard | .98 |
| Nice Boiling Meat, Lb. | .12 1-2 |
| Regular .50 Broom, for | .39 |
| Peanut Butter per jar | .24 |
| Big Juicy Prunes, per lb. | .10 |
| Nice Apples, per lb. | .17 |
| Fancy Peaches, per lb. | .12 1-2 |
| Fancy Apricots, per lb. | .15 |
| Seven Big Bars Soap | .25 |
| White Swan Oat Meal, per pkg. | .20 |
| American Beauty Bran, per sack | $1.15 |
| American Beauty Shorts, per sack | $1.45 |

Reduced prices on Shoes, Hats and Work Clothes

Have house to rent and span of mules and wagon for sale

**Dewey Williams**

SOUTH SIDE SQUARE



A&P ESTABLISHED 1859 "WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

LOWER EVERDAY PRICES

Day in and day out throughout the year A & P brings you consistently lower everyday prices Buy all your food needs daily at your nearest A & P Store

AND SAVE

The food you buy at A & P stores has stood the test of wide popular approval. It has been tried and found good by millions of customers. Every day millions of them come back for more. Food that does not measure up to this standard has no place on A & P shelves.

SPARKLE Pure Fruit Gelatin Package .07

STANDARD TOMATOES 3 No. 2 Cans .25

DEL MONTE PRODUCTS

Crushed Pineapple, No. 2 Can ... .21 1-2

Sliced Pineapple, No. 2 Can .... .22 1-2

Crushed Pineapple, Buffet Can, 2 for .19

LETTUCE Firm Heads .05

NO. 1 POTATOES 10 Lbs. .25

8 O'CLOCK COFFEE, Lb. ..... .25

IONA BRAND COCOA, 2 Lb. Can .. .25

EAGLE BRAND MILK, Can ..... .19

DOMINO SYRUP Large Bucket .73

CHUM SALMON 2 Tall Cans .23

CALUMET BAKING POWDER, 10 Lb. Can ..... $1.39

MALT-O-MEAL, Pkg. ..... .24

OLEOMARGERINE, Lb. ..... .17

BULK LARD, 2 Lbs. for ..... .25

GUARANTEED FLOUR, 48 Lbs. . $1.25


## 24,000 Letters For You

If you were starting out in life seeking a good position and could place your written application with 24,000 firms that would convince them that you could do some important part of their work, aren't you pretty sure that you wounld find just the opening you want?

That's exactly what the Employment Department of Draughon's Colleges at Dallas, Wichita Falls, Abilene. and Lubbock is planning to do for you during 1931. These Employment Departments have the names and addresses of every bank and business firm in the Southwest, and already have 24,000 convincing messages prepared to go out to these firms during the next few months—messages that will be more effective than a personal application from you, because they will be written by experts, who know from broad experience in placing thousands of other young people in good business positions, just what business men demand of applicants for the kind of starting position you would want.

So the only question for you to make sure of one of the hundreds of positions this campaign will develop during 1931 is to be ready. The demand is going to be created for you, and you want to qualify in an institution that has the resources and the prestige to help you find just the kind of starting position you want; and these 24,000 messages will certainly give our graduates a big advantage over those of less alert institutions.

If you'd like to have a copy of these 24,000 messages from our Employment Department showing the intensive efforts we put forth and how they will make a good place sure for you when you qualify, they'll be gladly mailed to you.

Simply address nearest Draughon's College, Dep't. CC Dallas, Wichita Falls, Abilene or Lubbock, and fill in the coupon below and let us tell you more about the opportunities in business and how we can help place you in them.

Name _____

P. O. _____

The Peerless Produce Co., will pay you highest prices for eggs, chickens and cream.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D .Nesmith of Santa Anna spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Blue of near Comanche.

## COULD HARDLY WALK AROUND

**Waco Man Suffered over a Year With Rheumatism, and Hardly Able to Walk—Orgatane Ending His Troubles**

"When I began taking Orgatane, I had rheumatic pains in my arms and legs so bad I could hardly raise my right arm to my head, or walk around, but it is all different now", said W. M. Cannon, 3027 Ethel St., Waco, Texas.

"You can certainly class me among the Orgatane boosters," he continued, "for it sure is fixing me up all right. For over a year I had been bothered with rheumatism in my arms and legs and sometimes the muscles in the arms and neck would be so sore and stiff I could hardly do any work. Besides this I was very nervous most of the time and I could hardly sleep. I lost my appetite and in a short time I was in a mighty bad run down condition.

"I read so much in the Waco papers, I decided to get a bottle and give it a trial, and after I had taken it about ten days I noticed a decided change in my condition, but still I could feel a pain every now and then shooting down my arms and legs, but I kept on taking it. I am feeling much better in every way. My appetite has improved and I sleep well all night long and I get up in the morning feeling like I used to. That is the best evidence that I can give you on who Orgatone has done for me; it plainly shows what a great medicine it really is."

Genuine Argotane may be bought in Comanche at the Wm. Reese Drug Company and the Durham Pharmacy.

Ed Willms of Winner, South Dakota visited Miss Helen Mae Davis this week.

The Peerless Produce Co., will pay you highest prices for eggs, chickens and cream.

On Blanket, Route 1—Creath Dabney, B. B. Forehand, will be given a free pass to the picture show, Thursday, Jan. 8.

At Blanket, Texas—James N. Bailey, Ellis Daughtry, John Guill, J. W. Dabney, will be given a free pass to the picture show, Wednesday, Jan. 7.

Highest prices paid for your produce, cream, poultry, eggs—Peerless Produce Co.

## "MISS NOBODY FROM NOWHERE"

### By Elizabeth Jordan

### A Serial Story

(Continued from Page 3)

"Will you tell me exactly what the doctor said, and *all* he said?" she asked at last.

"Of course." He came and stood beside her. "He thinks that you have had some sort of shock, which made you decide to get away from the scene of it, whatever it was. He thinks you came to the decision very hastily, for you started with no luggage. Yet when you got here you clearly expected to stay some time, for you went out the next day and bought some things which you had delivered here at the hotel."

"When I came up here to my rooms before dinner I went through everything," she confirmed, "but there was nothing to help me, except some money. It's not much, but I hope it will see me through. Anyway, it's probably all I have in the world, for my clothes show I'm not rich. They're 'good but not gorgeous'," she grimly paraphrased.

His heart leaped over the small jest, but before he could speak her face darkened and she went on.

"The money won't carry me very far in a New York hotel if I have a long siege—with a trained nurse at night and a psychiatrist coming every morning," she pointed out. "Suppose this attack lasts longer than my money does?"

"It won't." He spoke with such conviction that she brightened again. "The Garland's summer rates are still in effect, and they're very reasonable," he went on. "Carrick is too good a chap to send you a big bill."

He was talking against time, to keep her panic at bay till the nurse came.

"Oh, what a *devilish* situation this is!" She turned back to the window, bringing her hands together with an effect of desperation that alarmed him.

"Come now," he urged, "keep steady! A whole lot depends on that. The more quietly you take this, the sooner you will get over it. He agrees that the thing to do is to sit tight, just as you're doing, and let inquiries come from the other end. If your family and friends don't know where you are, they'll have started an investigation by this time, but they're probably doing it very carefully."

She stood still and stared into the darkness. Suddenly she turned back to the room with a little laugh that broke through their seriousness like a gush of a fountain.

"We may discover that I have run away from a husband and six children," she said lightly, but giving him a definite effect of breathlessness and tension. "My innocent babes may be crying for me this minute."

"What a ghastly idea!" he began, and stopped abruptly. As if she had caught his thought she looked at him with sudden intentness; but he was on his guard again and his disarming smile banished any suspicion she might have had. However, the little episode seemed to harden some half-formed purpose, for she went toward the inner door with an air of resolution he recalled later.

"If you will excuse me," she said, "I'll make some preparations for the nurse. I suppose since she is coming she must be made comfortable. No, please don't go," she added as he turned to take up his hat. "I'd rather you were here when she comes. There's some light literature on the table that may interest you."

She made a hospitable gesture toward the light literature, and disappeared through the door leading into her bedroom.

He selected a magazine, drew an easy-chair to the reading-lamp, and contentedly sat down. She was only a few feet away, on the other side of the door, and there was something satisfactory in being her sentinel. It wasn't strange that he was immensely interested in her, he mused. Any one would be interested in a girl in that tragic plight. For a few minutes more he casually thought about her while he turned the pages of the magazine, glancing at pictures and titles.

A title on a page of the magazine he held caught his eye and he began to read, with frequent glances at the closed door and an ear alert for sounds in the inner room. As he had already demonstrated, it was not his habit to do anything by halves. He became attentive to the article he was reading, then interested, and finally absorbed.

"Is this Miss Parson's room?" she inquired. "I'm Miss Adams, the nurse. Doctor Carrick sent me."

"Yes, of course. We have been expecting you."

"Doctor Carrick told me all about the case and gave me full instructions," the nurse went on. "It took some time. Otherwise I could have been here sooner. I suppose she's in her room," she suggested. "Hadn't I better go right in and report?"

Miss Adams gave the door panel a soft but decided tap, and when she received no reply she repeated it without emphasis, calling clearly: "The nurse, Miss Parsons. May I come in?" But when there was no response to this, she turned and cast a questioning glance at the young man.

"Go in," he managed to bring out, and streugthened the order with an imperative gesture.

Plainly Miss Adams was not the type of nurse who accepted orders from every one who chose to give them She hesitated, and rapped a third time. Still receiving no reply, she turned the knob and entered the bed-room, leaving the door ajar behind her. Hamilton remained close to the open door, but he did not look into the room beyond it. Instead he wheeled and stared hard at the opposite wall, telling himself there were a half dozen reasons why the girl in the inner room might not have heard those three decided taps.

Miss Adams reappeared, and now she was obviously disturbed.

"We mustn't assume too much," she said kindly, with an understanding glance at his agitated face. "You said she was frightened, and in such conditions patients do strange things. I've looked out of the window," she added calmly; and again he felt his scalp prick. "There's nothing wrong in the street. Of course she may be somewhere else in the hotel."

He found his voice.

"You're perfectly sure she isn't in these rooms?" he asked.

"Quite sure." Miss Adams smiled austerely. "I've looked in the closet and even under the bed."

"May I look?"

"Of course, if you like."

Her manner nicely combined with its professional courtesy an intimation that he would be wasting his time, but he pushed past her even before she could move to one side.

The room had the look of having been unoccupied for days.

The words of the nurse made him swing around toward her.

"Here's the way she left," she said. He had noticed another door with a bolt on the inside. It led from the bedroom and he had taken for granted that it was part of the adjoining suite and was locked. Now he saw that the bolt had not been shot. The nurse held the door ajar, revealing a glimpse of a side corridor past its threshold.

"Easiest thing in the world," he conceded. "She packed, stole out through that door and along that back corridor to a rear staircase, and probably got away without being seen by any one. But how about her hotel bill? Do you think she'd forget that?"

Miss Adams looked thoughtful.

"She might. They do all sorts of queer things when they're not normal."

He had been staring down unseeingly at a little writing stand, but now he caught a faint suggestion of penciling on the top envelope of the pile of hotel paper.

"Here's something," he cried, and picked up the envelope. Then his expression changed. It was addressed to Doctor Carrick.

"Where did you find that?" the nurse demanded. She had been standing on the threshold, looking down the hall, but turned back into the room at the sound of his voice.

"On the table, on top of this little heap of stationery. It looked like all the other envelopes, for the name is written on it very faintly, with a hard pencil. I didn't notice it till now."

He felt the envelope.

"Lord! I wish I dared to open it," he muttered.

Hamilton hurried from the room. At the hotel office desk he asked for a match and lit his cigarette with careful casualness.

"Has Miss Parsons gone?" he asked as he drew in the first mouthful of smoke.

"Yep; she checked out 'most an hour ago," the clerk told him, and added without rancor: "Women make me tired."

Hamilton rested an elbow on the desk.

"Why?"

"Oh, because they're always changing their minds. That girl said when she came that she was only staying one night. She stayed three days. That was all right—the longer the better. But tonight she had a cot put in her room for a woman friend who was to visit her, and after I'd stirred up a chambermaid and a porter and got everything fixed she changed her mind again and cleared out. She left a dollar for the chambermaid and the porter, though," he added forgivingly, and ended, on another afterthought, "Nice girl."

Hamilton put on the hat he had been carrying and descended the hotel's front steps to the street.

"Cab, sir?" asked the doorman, who knew him.

"Not yet. . . . See here, Saunders—" Hamilton put a dollar into the man's hand—"did you happen to hear the address Miss Parsons gave her cabman tonight when she felt?"

He found his voice. "You're perfectly sure she isn't in these rooms?" he asked. "Quite sure," Miss Adams smiled austerely.

Saunders pocketed the dollar and looked sympathetic.

"She didn't take no cab here, sir," he reported. "It was funny, too, for she usually does. Besides, to-night she was carryin' a little hand-bag and a big bundle. But when I started to get a taxi for her she walked off, shakin' her head."

"Which way did she go?"

"That way." Saunders indicated the side street. His voice sank to a confidential note, for his was an honest nature and he desired to earn his dollar—in part, at least.

"I got the feelin', sir," he said, "that she walked off because she didn't *want* to give no address here. If that hadn't been it, why would she carry them things? She give me my quarter jest the same, and I'd bet that quarter she took a cab at the next corner."

Hamilton returned to the waiting nurse. It was easy now to piece together the bits of the puzzle. Miss Parsons had experienced another panic, had decided that she was becoming "a case," and had fled to avoid that horror. Of course she would pick up a cab farther along the street or take one of the scores of cabs plying up and down the next avenue, only a block away. By this time she might be in Harlem or on a train bound west or south. In any case, she was definitely gone. She was out there somewhere in the darkness. What would become of her? Anything, everything, might happen to her.

He must find her, of course. That went without saying. Even if his interest had been less than it was, he couldn't let her, in her condition, vanish into the unknown. He had not been responsible at first, but now . . .

He made his report to the nurse.

"She paid her bill and checked out an hour ago."

Miss Adams nodded.

"She would," she confirmed.

Hamilton's strained nerves snapped.

"If it was so certain that she would why the devil didn't Carrick warn me?" he broke out, and immediately apologized again. "Come on, we'll go uptown and talk to Carrick. You don't suppose he has gone to bed, do you?" he asked irritably.

Miss Adams expressed her theory that Doctor Carrick could not have done anything so inconsiderate. It was much more likely, she thought, that the physician might have dropped in at his club on his way home, to have a rubber of bridge with some friends. As a nurse who attended many of his patients she knew something of his habits. She even knew the name of his club, and mentioned it.

(Continued on Page 5)

## W. W. Stephenson Buried Sunday

Wilson Stephenson, 61, died at his home in Beattie Friday after a few hours illness. Several weeks ago Mr. Stephenson had a slight stroke of paralysis but was apparently recovering and after spending the day about the house Friday, retired early and died shortly after he awoke during the night and told Mrs. Stephenson he was not feeling well. Interment was made at the Sanhill Cemetery Saturday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, the services being conducted by Rev. H. B. Holdridge of DeLeon.

In addition to his widow, Mr. Stephenson is survived by the following children: Mrs. Verda Vaughan of Sipe Springs, Ben Stephenson of Beattie, Douglas, John, Paul and Miss Irene Stephenson of Dallas.

Mr. Stephenson was a member of the Methodist Church at Beattie.

## Mrs. R. W. Cox Buried Dec. 25

Funeral services for Mrs. R W. Cox who died at her home near Wilson, December 24, were held at the Union Cemetery Christmas day by Rev. Walter Scott.

Bessie Williamson was born September 10, 1879 in Bosque County. In 1894 she was married to Lewis Crabb and to them one child was born, Mrs. Ollie Kendrick.

In 1901 Mrs. Crabb was married to R. W. Cox.

In addition to her daughter, Mrs. Ollie Kendrick of Hobbs New Mexico, she is survived by a grandson, Elmer Smith of Wilson, and two sisters, Mrs. Nettie Davis of Moline and Mrs. Lizzie Everett of Gustine, a sister-in-law, Jennie Williamson, and several nieces and nephews.

Mrs. Cox was converted and united with the Baptist Church at the age of 12, and had been a member 39 years at the time of her death.

### NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

Please let us use this method of greetings to all who came to see and to help us, during the illness and death of our dear wife and mother. And to those who gave the lovely flowers. We hope each of you have a very prosperous New Year that brings your happiness and may God's blessings rest upon and abide with you.

Respecfully, W. L. Bryant and children.

## Woodman Circle Elect Officers

The following were elected officers by the Comanche Wooman Circle, December 23rd: Hazel Lowry, Past Guardian; Ruby Cunningham, Cardian; Jewell Werner, Corresponding Secretary; Mae Cameron, Advisor; Mrs. Mary Wylie, Chaplin; Attendant, Wyna Isham; Assistant Attendant, Linda Sherrill; Banker, Clyde Sherrill; Inner Sentinel, Mrs. S. T. (Bud) Newsome; Outer Sentinel Lillian Walling; Musician, Mable Gilstrap.

# "MISS NOBODY FROM NOWHERE"

## By Elizabeth Jordan

### A Serial Story

(Continued from Page 4)

Miss Adams remained in the taxicab at the club door while Hamilton went into the club-house and interviewed, in a small reception room, a psychiatrist who was at first somewhat resentful and then deeply interested. The Good Samaritan was soothed by the discovery that the doctor's surprise over the patient's disappearance was as great as his own. To Hamilton the suspicion that his carelessness was responsible for the girl's flight had been the turn of the screw.

"She left this for you," he ended, taking the envelope from his pocket and handing it over. "I'm hoping there's some clue in it."

Doctor Carrick opened the envelop. It contained a blank sheet of paper and a bank-note for twenty dollars.

He dropped the envelope and paper on the floor and Hamilton bent and picked them up.

"May I have these?" he asked, and put them into his pocket without waiting for permission.

Carrick got up and strolled around the room, in the manner of men who think best on their feet.

"You're sure no one else called on her, and that she didn't receive any telephone message?" he asked at last.

"Not to my knowledge. The telephone was in the sitting-room where I was reading, so I'd have heard it, and I suppose any card or guest would have come to the sitting-room door," Hamilton said.

"Probably," Carrick took another turn, while Hamilton sat still and gloomily watched him.

"Then what's back of it?" he muttered. "Just panic? In her condition she might easily have been afraid of me, and of the nurse, too; but I got a strong impression that she had confidence in you." He stopped and met Hamilton's eyes with a sudden keenly professional look. "You felt that, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did. It touched me very much. It's one of the things that makes me feel that I can't let her down," Hamilton admitted. "I've simply got to find her and be sure she's all right."

Carrick nodded.

"It's going to be a big job to find her," he predicted. "And I'm afraid it's a job where I can't help you much. Left to herself, she'll give sanatoriums and doctors and nurses the widest kind of berth."

There seemed nothing more to say, but for a moment longer they faced each other uncertainly. Then Hamilton straightened his shoulders with a gesture his intimates would have recognized as characteristic of him in moments of final decision.

"I'll tackle it," he announced, referring to the "big job."

"Good!" said the doctor, heartily. "And keep me posted," he added, not quite so heartily, for Carrick was a man hard-driven by his practice. "Let me know if I can be of any use."

They shook hands.

"Better go a little more fully into all the details of her leaving the hotel," was Carrick's final advice. "Interview every one who could possibly have seen her or talked to her. They do queer things when they're in that state."

"He couldn't help much," Hamilton reported to Miss Adams. "Where shall I have the driver take you?"

She gave him her address and he paid the chauffeur in advance, adding, on a sudden memory, the amount due for tonight's service. It was a comfort to watch the taxicab vanish toward Fifth Avenue. He had a frantic wish to be alone, to begin his quest at once. In a case like this every minute counted. But . . . where could he begin?

Carrick's club was in the Forties, off Broadway, and the roar of the city came to Hamilton from every side as he stood at the curb for a moment, looking around for another taxicab.

What a damned heartless world it was! There was a moon in the sky—a fat moon, which seemed to be leering down at him. . . . This town was an awful place for a helpless girl to be alone, at night. . . . "Miss Nobody from Nowhere" . . . and she had confessed that she hadn't brought much money. . . .

"God!" he breathed. It was as near a prayer as any he had uttered since he was a very little boy.

As if in answer to it a calming memory came to him. He saw her as she had been in the park, as she had been with him, as she had been with the doctor . . . thinking clearly, deciding swiftly . . . terrified, yes, but "holding fast" in a situation that would have appalled the strongest soul; and his nerves steadied. She was fighting with her back to a blank wall, but even in those few hours she had opened new windows of life to him, and he had gained in understanding. He would find her.

He leaned forward and gave to the waiting driver the address of a newspaper on whose staff was one of his friends.

"And you have remembered my name all this time?" she asked, in a voice which she vainly tried to keep steady.

When Eve left her visitor in her hotel sitting-room and went into her bedroom, supposedly to get ready for the nurse, she absent-mindedly tripped over a projecting end of the cot she had ordered. The little episode underlined her dread of the night, and she stood staring at the cot as if already she saw its occupant there. It was in place, the chambermaid had gone, the room was in order, and the opposite door of the bedroom, which led into a rear hall of the hotel, was just closing on the modest exit of the porter. She stopped the man with a word, a ready hand mechanically reaching into her hand-bag for her purse. He was a young Frenchman, and as he came back into the room in answer to her summons his expectant smile suddenly broadened into a look of pleased recognition.

"Good evening, mademoiselle," he said with the eagerness of a lonely person who sees a familiar face in a strange land; and he added in French, rather blankly, as he caught her expression of surprise, "But Mademoiselle does not remember me?"

"No doubt I should do so." Eve answered in his own tongue, and again he smiled and brightened. "Just where did you see me?" she asked.

He began to explain, volubly and happily, enchanted, it was clear, by this unexpected encounter with a former patron, and perhaps foreseeing, too, agreeable possibilities of fees in the new association. They were standing near the entrance he had used, and with a gesture she drew him over the threshold and out into the hall, closing the door behind them.

It was in Paris they had met, the porter explained, in the little Hotel Voltaire of the Quai Voltaire on the left bank, when Mademoiselle had spent the winter there three . . .no, it was four years ago. It was not surprising that Mademoiselle did not remember him, he humbly admitted. He himself had then been of an unimaginable unimportance—not even her waiter, but merely a waiter's boy. Still, in that lowly capacity, he had daily seen Mademoiselle, and once or twice had done small services for her such as carrying notes to her friends.

Despite his Gallic courtesy, it was clear that he was disappointed by her failure to recognize him, and Eve sought to soothe his hurt pride by a larger fee than the cot-bringing justified, while with an increasing tremor she considered what the encounter might mean to her. The young Frenchman would earn much more than a fifty-cent tip before their interview ended, but the instinct of caution developed in her during the past few hours made her quiet her singing nerves and move slowly.

"And you have remembered my name all this time?" she asked, in a voice she vainly tried to keep steady.

The young porter, however, observed nothing unusual about it, for here the entente between them, so agreeable up till now, experienced a sudden chill. He flushed and stammered. It was incredible; it was unpardonable; he abased himself before her; but the fact was that for the moment he did *not* remember Mademoiselle's name. Her face, of course, one would never forget. Even though he himself had been a mere boy of seventeen when he last saw it, had he not remembered it at once, after four years? Eve let the flow of compliments pour forth. Her mind was working clearly and rapidly. She had merely intended to get away from the hotel, without knowing how she was going to do it. Now she realized that this youth could help her and that she must establish a relationship between them which would enable her to keep in touch with him. Mentally she considered a plan while her brain subconsciously registered what the porter was saying.

Undoubtedly, he assured her, the name would come to him at any minute. This, she knew, was possible. Sooner or later he ought to recall that name. He might recall, too, if he did not now remember them, the names of the friends to whom he had carried those notes, the names of friends who had come to see her, episodes of the life she had lived in Paris—all or any of which, when he told them to her, could be the clues she needed. Yes, in those gesticulating and not overclean young hands might lie the strings that would lead her back into the normal world.

"What is your name?" she abruptly asked him.

"Marcel Charpentier, mademoiselle," he told her.

"Listen, Marcel," she said, still in his own language. "Listen attentively. I have a plan and perhaps you can help me. If you can, I know you will, for we were acquaintances in France." She stopped with a gesture his eager assurance, looked understandingly at his brightening face, and went on: "Besides, I will of course pay you well for any time and trouble you give to my service.

"I desire to leave this hotel, Marcel," she continued, "and to find a new home in this city. I must, of course, see the clerk and pay him when I go. But there are reasons why I wish no one to know where I am, except you. You I am sure I can trust."

The tribute, she was glad to observe, left him almost speechless.

"What I can do for Mademoiselle will be done," was all he could bring out, his black eyes avid with interest.

"Thank you. Then tell me, first, do you know of a good place where I can go and live?—one which is not expensive," she added. "A place simple and clean and respectable, like the little hotel you speak of in Paris."

She took it for granted that the little hotel in Paris had these qualities, and apparently she was right, for Marcel nodded and gave himself to ostentatious thought.

He had been in the city less than half a year, and he had little knowledge of either hotels or lodging-houses; but now he remembered something. A friend of his, he told her, was the janitor of a downtown house which had little apartments of two or three rooms—a sitting-room, a bedroom, even a bathroom, and of a price very reasonable.

Eve came to a prompt decision. She went back into the bedroom and returned with a sheet of paper and a pencil.

"Write the address for me," she directed, "and your full name, too. I will go and look at the house you speak of. If I do not settle there, I will let you know. Unless you hear from me, come there at eight tomorrow evening. I desire to have a long talk with you."

She took the slip he gave her and handed him five dollars.

"Remember," she warned, "I am trusting you. Not a word to any one."

Marcel took the bank-note and slowly pocketed it. His face was very serious. It was odd—all this. There was much in it he did not understand. She had not been thus in Paris. But he would serve the lady to the best of his ability.

Eve packed in seven minutes.

She was out of the hotel twenty-three minutes after she had left Hamilton. She walked across to the next avenue and there picked up a taxicab.

When she reached the building that was her objective she was not at first favorably impressed by it. It was an old structure and a time-battered one, but it faced an open East Side square and its windows looked out on the green trees and shrubs of this square. The appearance of the entrance hall was better than the buildings' outward aspect. It was clean and cheerful, though the janitor, Marcel's friend, who somewhat deliberately responded to the bell, had the gray look of one who dwelt among ashes.

There were only two vacant apartments in the place, he assured the lady, while his eyes rested somewhat critically on the small satchel and the big newspaper bundle she carried. One apartment was on the ground floor and the other on the top—the latter three flights up and no elevator. The sitting-room of this one looked out over the park, though, and there was a kitchenette not much larger than a closet, with a gas stove in it, where the young lady could make her coffee in the morning if she liked.

The young lady accompanied him up three flights of carpeted stairs and approved the apartment at the top. The price asked for the rooms was reasonable.

"I'll take it," Eve decided. "if I can move in now."

"To-night?" The janitor revealed a natural surprise at this expedition.

"Right now," the new-comer repeated.

"How about your ref'rences?"

"My references will be the month's rent in advance, and I'll pay it this minute." Eve took out her purse, holding the name of Marcel in reserve. If she could for the present avoid mentioning that, she preferred to do so. The fewer who knew of her Garland connection the better.

The janitor hesitated, looking her over again. Then with a shrug of his thin shoulders he took the offer and the cash.

The casualness of the transaction made Eve rather thoughtful. Still, Marcel had testified that the place was respectable.

She went to the door with the janitor, to get his final message about the delivery of milk and rolls in the morning.

"I c'n let you have a little coffee, too," he graciously decided.

There were two apartments on the floor, and as the man talked the door of the opposite one opened and a girl came out. She was a blond girl, young and rather pretty, with very round china-blue eyes. She wore evening dress, far too elaborate for her environment, but it was her color and expression that caught and held Eve's attention. The color was a blue-white, and the look she cast at the two standing there was almost desperate—not at all the glance of a curious stranger, but the unconscious appeal of one who was suffering physical pain. She moved slowly, holding to the side rail as she descended the stairs, and responded to the janitor's offhand greeting with an inarticulate murmur.

"Who is that?" Eve asked when she had disappeared.

"Miss Ivy Davenport. She has that flat. She dances in a cabaret, but she's a nice girl, jest the same. She ain't well, though. She's been sick a lot lately, an' it looks to me like she's sick again to-night." Evidently the janitor liked Miss Davenport. He was still looking after her with sympathetic eyes. "But I reckon she's got to go an' dance jest the same," he added philosophically.

"Poor girl! How can she dance?" The young person who had passed them was not Eve's sort, but she had a pang of fellow-feeling that surprised her. Here was another who was in trouble.

"Don't be scared if you hear her comin' home at four in the mornin'," the janitor remembered to add. "She won't bother you none daytimes. She sleeps till five or six. G'night."

Eve nodded and watched him with unhappy eyes as he drifted in Miss Davenport's wake like a bit of gray fog. Looked at in retrospect the Garland seemed the vision of a wanderer's home, and the memory of Hamilton's boyish smile and dependable face brought an almost intolerable sense of nostalgia. But when she had turned back to her apartment and was moving about her bedroom, preparing for the night,—the janitor had thoughtfully turned on the electric lights in both rooms,—she reminded herself that she was going alone.

"Don't be scared if you hear her comin' home at four in the mornin'," the janitor remembered to add.

Whatever the dangers of her present course, she could not, would not, have remained among those to whom she was "a case." And there was Marcel, who had once known her and who at any moment might appear with a shining face to tell her who she was.

"I must be an amazing optimist when I'm myself," she reflected with a deep sigh.

It was an unkind trick she had played her Good Samaritan, but she had been driven to it and she did not regret it. At the thought of the Garland her panic returned. Doctors, nurses, consultations, sanatoriums—there was no end to the possibilities Hamilton had set in motion when he called in that psychiatrist.

Better be anywhere and free than in the power of even the best-intentioned strangers.

The night was a bad one. For hours she lay staring out into the blackness of the narrow court while panic enveloped her like an icy fog. It took all the courage she had, all the strength of her soul, to hold on to herself. At intervals she switched on the light and looked at her watch. Eons might have passed since she looked last, but they hadn't. Sometimes it was only an hour, or even half an hour. . . .

When the black court was growing gray she heard Miss Davenport's return; at least she assumed that the steps were her neighbor's, and that it was Miss Davenport's door that was yielding to the urge of a nervous key. Eve's watch bore out the theory: quarter-past four. She drew a deep sigh, turned again, and hoped that the girl felt better. With the approach of dawn some of the blackness lifted from her spirit. She slept.

The sun was shining when she awoke, and a lively tattoo on the panel of her outer door had brought escape from an especially unpleasant nightmare. She slipped into a wrapper, unlocked her door, and confronted the janitor. He carried a tray which held a tablespoonful of ground coffee in a cup, a dab of butter, and a glass of milk, with an egg as an added attraction.

Eve gave him a dollar. He deserved it for his leniency in that little matter of the references, but something deep within her sent up a warning signal as she handed it over. A young person in her situation and with less than three hundred dollars in the world must learn not to part with any of those dollars too lightly. This one proved a good investment.

"My name's Smith," the janitor volunteered. "Guess you won't have no trouble rememberin' it."

When Smith had reluctantly departed—it had also become clear that his was a companionable soul—she prepared her breakfast and, to her own great surprise, ate it. She had cooked it under a jogging sense of duty; she must "keep up her strength," as Hamilton had advised. But the coffee was good, the roll was crisp, the egg was fresh. The efficiency with which she performed the simple task proved that it was a familiar one to her. She must have prepared many such breakfasts in the past, some of them, no doubt, in Paris. Deep in her subconscious mind, just out of her mental reach, lay the memory of those meals, of those days. She saw—or did she see?—a studio with a sloping roof . . . a wide skylight with a glimpse of sky-line and twin towers etched against it. . . . Her absent hand reached at times toward a shelf that was not there, for utensils that were missing. . . . Surely, surely Memory was stealing toward her, out of the black shadows. . . .

As soon as she had washed the dishes, made the bed, and dusted the rooms (this last with one of the few towels!) she wrote to her Good Samaritan. She owed him that much. She had brought with her a pencil and a few sheets of the hotel's notepaper, from which she painstakingly tore off the printed headings. Then she penciled these lines:

My dear Mr. Hamilton:

Forgive me for seeming ungrateful; I am not that. But I must not be a burden to strangers, however kind and friendly they are; and I *know* it is best for me to be alone.

I have found a safe, quiet, respectable place, where I can wait. . . . They say that those who recover from a lapse like mine do not remember what happened in the interval. So I shall write out the account of our meeting and put it away with your card. And when I am myself again I will write you and tell you so, and try to thank you properly.

In the meantime don't worry about me. And *please* don't try to find me.

Most gratefully yours,

EVE PERSONNE.

She made a long journey uptown. She must mail that letter in a part of the city remote from where she lived, for of course Hamilton would regard the postmarks as clues. After that she took a long walk in Central Park and bought her necessary household supplies and a few magazines.

After all this it was only eleven o'clock, and the long day stretched before her as an appalling blank to be filled. However, there was Marcel's visit in the evening to look forward to, and she killed the seemingly endless interval by a visit to the public library, to write at a table there the account of her meeting with Hamilton. She wrote the bald facts from the time of the memory lapse, putting down the episodes without comment, save in the matter of Hamilton's kindness. On an impulse she included his Chicago address.

The writing kept her occupied for more than an hour. Then she read for two hours. She entered a drug store and had a glass of milk as a late luncheon. Then she went back to Central Park and killed an additional two hours watching children at play.

Marcel arrived at eight that evening, wearing his best garments and a highly expectant expression. She had decided to tell him the truth. It was a risk, but he was already partly in her confidence, and it was probable that he had been questioned about her. Better let him have the facts than to give his Gallic imagination too much rein.

He listened with interest, but wholly without understanding, and obviously with relief. This little matter explained very well the oddness of Mademoiselle. But of a certainty it was a trifle, over in a few days, as Mademoiselle had suggested. His optimism cheered Eve, while she realized its source as ignorance. Marcel admitted that he had not as yet found her name, but his mind was busy on it. Nor could he remember the name of any of Mademoiselle's friends in Paris. But he was thinking of these things constantly, and very soon . . . In the meantime, if Mademoiselle so wished, he would write to Leon, who had been Mademoiselle's real waiter and who was now working in a big hotel on the Rue de la Paix. He would beg Leon to tell him all he remembered about the young lady of four years ago. . . .

"But that will take two weeks," Eve cried, "to write and get a reply, even if he answers at once. Two weeks more of this!"

Marcel was overwhelmed. He had forgotten that detail.

"However, please do it," Eve sighed. "Though I hope to God I shan't need it when it comes!"

Something about that exclamation made Marcel take a less cheery view of her situation as he left her.

(Continued Next Week)

## CROAKER—MILTON

Miss Ruth Milton and Arthur Croaker were married Jhursday morning, January 1, at 9:30 o'clock at the residence of Rev. T. N. Carter, who performed the ceremony being assisted by Rev. Gordon Barrett who offered the prayer. The bride's mother and a few friends were present for the wedding.

Mr. Croaker is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Croaker of Creamer and Mrs. Croaker is the daughter of Mrs. J. E. Milton.

A reception was given in honor of the couple at the home of the bride's mother Thursday evening.

After a visit in Fort Worth Mr. and Mrs. Croaker will make their home near Comanche.

## METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.

Preaching, by the pastor at 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.

Sacrament of The Lord's Supper, morning and evening.

The public is cordially invited.

J. M. Perry, Pastor.

## Keith Chilton Dead In Okla.

Keith Chilton, brother of John B and J. E. Chilton of Comanche, died suddenly at his home in Altus,, Oklanoma, Wednesday according to a message received by relatives in Comanche that afternoon. According to the report, Mrs. Chilton was visiting her daughter in Lubbock at the time of his death. Mr. Chilton had returned to his home from Lubbock only a few days ago.

Keith Chilton, member of a pioneer family of the Old South, was born in Morristown, Tennessee, May 13, 1869, being one of eleven sons of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Chilton. Soon after Mr. Chilton was born his parents moved from Tennessee, a state in the heart of the section suffering at that time from the disorganization following the close of the Civil War, to Florida and afterwards to Georgia, the family finally settling in Denton County, Texas, when Mr. Chilton was about five years of age.

A few years afterwards Mr. Chilton moved to Comanche where he entered the Comanche High School under the superintendency of W. F. Rogers. After finishing school, Mr. Chilton entered business in Comanche, for a number of years being a member of the Chilton Brothers and Cunningham Dry Goods Company. He later moved to Fort Worth and worked for the W. C. Stripling Dry Goods Company, going from there to Altus, Oklahoma, where he was connected with the Perkins-Watkins Dry Goods Company until his retirement a few years ago.

Mr. Chilton was married at Cleburne, Texas to Miss Erin Hall, a sister of Mrs. John D. Waring of Comanche. She and two children, Herbert Chilton of Hobart, Oklahoma and Mrs. Tom Bleeker of Lubbock survive him.

In addition to his brothers at Comanche, he is survived by three other brothers: C. C. Chilton of Amarillo, Sam Chilton of Bridgeport, and R. J. Chilton of Lamesa.

Funeral services will be held this morning at the residence of J. B. Chilton, under the direction of the K. of P. Lodge.

Let us test your lights while there is yet plenty of time—Edmondson Motor Co.

## BROWNWOOD MAN KILLED IN CAR ACCIDENT

BROWNWOOD, Dec. 27.—Ben A. Shropshire, 51, a real estate man here 35 years, was found dead early Saturday night after he lost control of his car and crashed into a telephone post a short distance from his home in the suburbs of Brownwood.

He is survived by his wife and two children, Charles Shropshire, Brownwood and Mrs. Hubert Roberts, San Antonio, and three sisters, all of Brownwood.

Mr. Shropshire was a member of the First Methodist Church and leader in church and business circles.

Funeral services were held at the First Methodist church at 3:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon and interment was made in the Greenleaf cemetery

Physicians said that Mr. Shropshire's death was caused from a fracture at the base of the brain from the jolt he received when his car struck the telephone pole. They stated that Mr. Shropshire was bleeding profusely at the nose when he was carried to his home which was only a short distance from the scene of the accident. A gash was cut across his forehead and nose when his head struck the windshield of the car, the doctors state.

### Car Runs Into Ditch

Mr. Shropshire turned his car around almost directly in front of Jim Stanton's filling station, Austin Avenue and Indian Creek road, and did not straighten the car out again on the road, but crashed into the ditch and into a telephone pole a short distance from the filling station toward town, according to Mr. Staton who saw the accident.

Mr. Staton went to the car and when he recognized Mr. Shropshire told him he would have to back up a little and drive up on the road again. Mr. Shropshire said, "which way?" Those are the last words he is known to have spoken. Sveral men and boys at the filling station saw the accident.

Mr. Shropshire drove the car out of the ditch and drove a short distance further and crashed into another telephone pole. Billie and Mack Renfro and Wesley English went to the automobile this time and seeing that Mr. Shropshire was injured, put him into the Renfro car and took him to his home which was less than a block away. Mr. Shropshire breathed a few times after he was taken to his home, but gasped his last before physicians arrived.

Ben L. Shropshire was born in Comanche county, July 15, 1879. He had lived in Brownwood, however continuously since moving here in 1895. On January 22, 1908, Mr. Shropshire and Miss Roberta Jenkins, daughter of Col. C. H. Jenkins, were married in Brownwood.—Brownwod Bulletin.

## Children Like This Safe Prescription

**Coughs and Sore Throat Relieved Almost Instantly**

Stop children's coughs and sore throats before these ailments lead to dangerous ills. Use Thoxine, a doctor's famous prescription which brings relief within 15 minutes, yet contains no harmful drugs.

Thoxine works on a different principle, it has a quick, double action—it relieves the irritation and goes direct to the internal cause. Ideal for all children because it is pleasant tasting and easy to take—not a gargle. Ask for Thoxine, put up ready for use in 35c, 60c, and $1.00 bottles. If you are not satisfied your money will be refunded. Sold by Reese's Drug Store and all other good drug stores.

Let us test your lights while there is yet plenty of time—Edmondson Motor Co.

## Mrs. Mattie Clemons Of Proctor Dead

Mrs. Mattie C. Clemons, for over sixty years a citizen of the Proctor-Graham Chapel community was found dead in the bed at her home Thursday morning by her daughter, Mrs. R. A. Luker. Funeral services will be held today at the Graham Chapel Cemetery.

Mattie T. Mills, who was married to Jim Clemons in early young womanhood, came with her husband to Comanche County in 1870, settling in the community where she died. They were among the early settlers and land owners of that section, and were active in helping establish the school and churches of that community. Mr. Celmons died in 1910 and for the past two years Judge and Mrs. R. A. Luker have made their home with her.

Mrs. Clemons was a member of the Proctor Methodist Church.

Children surviving are Mrs. R. A. Luker, Mrs. C. F. Luker and the friends to whom he had carried those notes, the names of friends who had come to see her, episodes of the life she had lived in Paris—all or any of which, when he told them to her, could be the clues she needed. Yes, in those gesticulating and not overclean young hands might lie the strings that would lead her back into the normal world.

"What is your name?" she abruptly asked him.

"Marcel Charpentier, mademoiselle," he told her.

"Listen, Marcel," she said, still in his own language. "Listen attentively. I have a plan and perhaps you can help me. If you can, I know you will, for we were acquaintances in France." She stopped with a gesture his eager assurance, looked understandingly at his brightening face, and went on: "Besides, I will of course pay you well for any time and trouble you give to my service.

"I desire to leave this hotel, Marcel," she continued, "and to find a new home in this city. I must, of course, see the clerk and pay him when I go. But there are reasons why I wish no one to know where I am, except you. You I am sure I can trust."

The tribute, she was glad to observe, left him almost speechless.

"What I can do for Mademoiselle will be done," was all he could bring out, his black eyes avid with interest.

"Thank you. Then tell me, first, do you know of a good place where I can go and live?—one which is not expensive," she added. "A place simple and clean and respectable, like the little hotel you speak of in Paris."

She took it for granted that the little hotel in Paris had these qualities, and apparently she was right, for Marcel nodded and gave himself to ostentatious thought.

He had been in the city less than half a year, and he had little knowledge of either hotels or lodging-houses; but now he remembered something. A friend of his, he told her, was the janitor of a downtown house which had little apartments of two or three rooms—a sitting-room, a bedroom, even a bathroom, and of a price very reasonable.

Eve came to a prompt decision. She went back into the bedroom and returned with a sheet of paper and a pencil.

"Write the address for me," she directed, "and your full name, too. I will go and look at the house you speak of. If I do not settle there, I will let you know. Unless you hear from me, come there at eight tomorrow evening. I desire to have a long talk with you."

She took the slip he gave her and handed him five dollars.

"Remember," she warned, "I am trusting you. Not a word to any one."

Marcel took the bank-note and slowly pocketed it. His face was very serious. It was odd—all this. There was much in it he did not understand. She had not been thus in Paris. But he would serve the lady to the best of his ability.

Eve packed in seven minutes.

She was out of the hotel twenty-three minutes after she had left Hamilton. She walked across to the next avenue and there picked up a taxicab.

## HOLD WATCH PARTY

A New Year Watch Party was enjoyed at the Presbyterian Church Wednesday evening by the members and a number of guests.

Stew was served and the young people under the direction of Rev. Tom Gallaher, spent the time in playing games until the midnight hour, when they rang out the old year and helped usher in the new one.

## NOTICE

All persons having claims against the estate of A. M. Lovelace, deceased, are required to present the same within the time prescribed by law to the undersigned, who was on the 29th day of December, 1930, appointed administrator of said estate, and whose Post Office address is Comanche, Texas.

L. E. Grainger, Temporary Administrator. 20-23

Highest prices paid for your produce, cream, poultry, eggs—Peerless Produce Co.

## W. H. Elliott Buried Dec. 25

Prof. H. W. Elliott, well known in this section as a gospel singer, died at his home in Colorado, Texas, Thursday, December 25, according to a message received by P. M. Fagan with whom Mr. Elliott was formerly connected in teaching singing schools.

Coming into the county about thirty-five years ago, Prof. Elliott taught 82 singing schools in this section according to Mr. Fagan, some of these were as late as ten years ago. Mr. Elliott according to Mr. Fagan, possibly taught more pupils than any other man in the county.

Mr. Elliott was one of the organizers of the Trio-Music Company of Waco and was recognized as one of the outstanding gospel singers of the South, Mr. Fagan said.

At Sidney, Texas—Ed Andress, I. E. Allison, R. C. Arnold, J. B. Bilbrey, will be given a free pass to the picture show, Monday, Jan. 5.

## COURT HOUSE NEWS

### Marriages

John C. Stark, Brownwood, and Mrs. Maxine Gatteys, Coleman.

L. R. Williams and Miss Addie Catheryn Welch, Comanche, Route 2.

Harry T. Burns, Comanche and Miss Lois Fagan, Sidney.

W. C. Langley, Lingerville and Miss Ella Davis, Proctor, Route 2.

Ray McDonald, Comanche and Miss Ferne Lane, Comanche, R. 1.

### Deeds Recorded

A. L. Piper and wife to Higginbotham Brothers and Company 10.4 acres of the V. Williams Survey, consideration $1200.

E. R. Bowman and wife to Higginbotham Brothers and Company 80 acres out of the H. & T. B. R. R. Survey, valuable consideration.

Mrs. A. G. Adcock to Mrs. Jim Deakins, 83.3 acres out of thhe N. J. Chapel Survey, consideration $1,000.

Dr. W. L. Saye and wife of Frisco were Comanche visitors last week. Dr. Saye was reared in Comanche.

**BLACK WALNUTS WANTED**

We are in the market for black walnuts and will pay 1c per pound with the husk off. Cannot use real small walnuts, see that they run around an inch in diameter which is not large for walnuts, also, see that you get New crop nuts.

Still buying pecans and if you have any bring them in as we have the highest market.—Durham Pecan Co.

We want your cream, produce, poultry and eggs.—Bob Seale at Home Produce Co. We want your cream, produce, poultry and eggs.—Bob Seale at Home Produce Co.

Large Sheets of Carbon for embroidery tracing, black 10c per sheet. Red, yellow and green, 15c per sheet—Comanche Chief.

# Better Baby Chicks

To our friends and customers we wish to take this opportunity to thank you for your earnest co-operation with us in our endeavor to bring to you better baby chicks, and modern hatchery service. Hoping that 1931 will be more prosperous for you in every way

WE ARE STARTING OUR INCUBATOR ABOUT JANUARY 10—AND WILL APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS.

# D. & C. HATCHERY

CARL DAVIDSON I. COMER


### COTTON GROVE

Tom Glasgow and family spent Thursday anl Friday with relatives in Lamkin.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Burks of Brownwood spent Sunday with A. F. Holman and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Godfrey visited Mr. and Mrs. Riley Hilliard Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Glasgow visited his father Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery Moore visited in the Mt. Pleasant community Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John McEntire visited in Brownwood Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jewell Glasgow spent the week end with Buc Robinson of Dublin.

Miss Edith Ritchie spent Sunday with Nan Holman.

Several from this community attended the party given at the home of Jess Bolins Saturday night.

Miss Bessie Lee Glasgow of Lamkin spent the week with Ava Lee Glasgow.

Miss Delna McEntire visited her parents this week.

Miss Otho Joe Miller of Comanche visited Ava Lee Glasgow Sunday.

### BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES

That there are two opposing powers in life, no well informed person is going to deny. There is sunshine and darkness; sickness and health, life and death, friends and foes, joys and sorrows, glad times and sad times, poverty and wealth, sin and righteousness, Satan and Christ, heaven and hell. There is no limit to the comparisons.

In the marts of men we find the optimist and the pessimist. There is a possibility of one being fool-heartedly optimistic. There is a possibility of one becoming abjectly pessimistic As I view it; either extreme is to be shunned.

Facts are facts, and the wise man is going to face them, whether he is called a pessimist or an optimist. The world is now going through a commercial caldron such as she has not seen in many years. What will be the final outcome, I do not know. But I do know this, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." He said, "The cattle upon a thousand hills are mine". Again, we are told, that all power, both in heaven and on earth is in the hand of Christ. He has promised never to leave us, nor forsake us. When the chosen people were scattering to the ends of the earth; God made His final and last call, "Bring ye all the tithes into the store house; that there may be meat in my house, and see if I will not pour out to you, a blessing such as you cannot contain."

It is just as possible for a nation or nations to play the prodigal, as it is for a man or men to play it. Without bringing any harsh or cruel accusation against the world, I only ask the question, is it not possible that we have been playing the part of the prodigal, and have brought ourselves to want? If so, I want to say that, "In my Father's house, is bread enough and to spare." Oh, that we would arise and go to Him and make our confession. How ready, willing and able He is to bless us.

Oh, how my heart throbs, with a yearning that I cannot define, that all church people would start the New Year with a resolution that we will, "Seek first the Kingdom of God." Or that we would say as some of old, "As for others, they may do as they will; but me and mine will serve the Lord."

I think I can say it with all the sincerity that Paul possessed, when he said, "I seek not yours, but you." If Christ can only get you in the fullest sense, then you will put His, the tenth into His store house. Let me beseech you my friends, take Christ not only into fellowship, but also into partnership, and you will have no regrets at the end of the new year.

Grant me the pleasure of breaking the Bread of Life to you next Lord's Day.

Gordon Barrett, Pastor.

### ANNUAL STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

**Comanche, Texas**
**Notice Is Hereby Given:**

That the annual meeting of the stockholders of First State Bank of Comanche, Texas, will be held at the office of said Bank on the 13th day of January 1931, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the election of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

Respectfully,
E .E. Anthony, President.
(17-21)

On Comanche Route 4—E. C. Bozeman, Mrs. Lela Bragg, J. C. Brinson, J. A. Bradshaw will be given a free pass to the picture show Thursday, Jan. 8.

### SERVICES AT MT. PLEASANT

Week end services will be held at the Mount Pleasant Baptist Church, services Saturday evening at 7 p. m. and Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. and B. Y. P. U. at 6:30 p. m.

On account of the snow we missed our last services at this church and are hoping for a good crowd this week. Next Sunday we will begin our sixth year as pastor of this church. During the five years we have enjoyed our work and are hoping for even greater things during the new year. It is only with the co-operation of the people that things can be accoomplished and in the past no pastor has ever had a more loyal membership.

S. D. Lindsey, Pastor.

### CENTRAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH

On your marks, ready, set, let's get started RIGHT. The first Sunday of the New Year will be the best Sunday yet.

The Sunday School has been growing, we have just been getting ready to do things this New Year. Nothing con stand in our way now, every class will grow. We owe it to God, we owe it to others, we owe it to ourselves. Every officer and every teacher is enthused and working hard—back them up, they are counting on it.

A group of the Church spent Wednesday night in prayer—getting ready for the New Year. A good choir practice will be held Friday night.

The message at the worship service Sunday morning will be "The Past—The Future". Remember this service beings at 10:45. Make a beginning with us Sunday morning.

The Evening service has been growing in power and numbers. A special number, will accompany the special message—"Needed a Wedding". You will want to be here for this wedding. You are invited.

The preaching time has been changed it is now the 1st and 3rd Sundays in the month. This change will aid our work.

Altogether for Christ and the Church. We begin the New Year 1931—RIGHT.

Kenneth L. Smith, Pastor.

On Comanche Route 5—H. S. Bain, Guy Burks, W. F. Bratten, Randall Burton will be given a free pass to the picture show, Monday, Jan. 5.

### NOTICE OF COMPULSERY ATTENDANCE LAW IN COMANCHE CITY SCHOOL

In section 305 (2892) of Public School Law of Texas we find the following: "Attendance requirement, every child in this state who is 8 years old and not more than 14 years old shall be required to attend the public school in the district of his residence or in some other districit to which it may be transferred as provided by law for a period of not less than 100 days during each scholastic year."

This law requires at least 100 day of attendance for children of prescribed age. Compulsion term in Comanche City schools begins Monday, January 5, 1931 and continues for 100 school days. There may be cases in which children will be exempted by law. Parents residing in Comanche Independent District and desiring exemptions for children should confer with city school superintendent at once.

W. G. Barrett, Supt.

### ENTERTAINS CLUB WITH CHRISTMAS TREE

Mrs. Henry E. Moore was hostess to the members of the Merry Matron Club and their husbands Saturday evening.

The usual games were dispensed with, the chief feature of the evening's entertainment being a Christmas tree loaded with gifts

After the tree Christmas carols were sung.

Refreshments of chicken salad, fruit cake, candy, nuts and coffee were served.

### McDONALD—LANE

Ray McDonald of Comanche and Miss Ferne Lane of the Board Church community were married Christmas eve at 4 p. m. by Rev. S. D. Lindsey at his residence.

Mrs. McDonald is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Lane and was reared in the Board Church community.

Mr. McDonald is the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. McDonald of Comanche and for the past two years has been associated with his father in the management of the Dublin Creamery Branch here.

### CREAMER

Sunday School next Sunday at 10 o'clock. We will meet at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon for the purpose of organizing a Singing Class.

Mr .and Mrs. Jack Merke and children of Rankin spent Christmas week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rauhut.

Mrs. Fred Rauhut and daughters, Rosa Lee and Eleanor visited her sister, Mrs. S. C. Albin at Pettit last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Creamer of Waco spent Christmas week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Creamer.

Miss Casi Lee Hicks entertained the young people with a party Wednesday night.

Miss Grace Nelson of Munday and Mr .and Mrs. Irvin Thomas of Loraine spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Nelson.

Among the relatives who took Christmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Creamer were: Mr. and Mrs. T. W Creamer and son of Waco, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Pettit and family of Gustine, Mr. and Mrs. Keneth Stephens of Dublin, Mrs. Cleburne Willingham of Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Lindsey of Wichita Falls, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barrett and family of Comanche and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Parker of this community.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Brown, Miss Casi Lee Hicks, and John Nelson Kearney visited Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Brewer last Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Brady Cotney are the parents of a baby girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Dee Cotney spent Christmas at Florence with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Luke Perdue entertained the young people with a party last Saturday night.

Mrs. Elmer Albin and child ren of San Angelo are visiting Mr. J. C. Lester and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl McCullough visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McCullough of Blanket last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Creamer spent Sunday with Mrs. Lee Tate of Board Church.

The girl friends to whom Miss Cordie Cotney served dinner last Sunday were: Misses Eleanor and Rosa Lee Rauhut. Miss Casi Lee Hicks. Lucille and Eva Lee Cox, Evordie Cotney, Irene and Lora Ladd.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wright have movel to Coryell County where they will make their home with their children.

### CRUMP—RICHMOND

Robert Crump of Lubbock and Miss Novella Richmond of Blanket were married in Brownwood, Saturday, December 20.

Mrs. Crump was reared in Blanket and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Richmond. For the past several years she has been teaching in the Lubbock Public Schools where the romance between her and Mr. Crump began.

Following their marriage, Mr and Mrs. Crump left for a trip to the Rio Grande Valley, after which they will make their home in Lubbock.

### LAROQUE—PARSONS

A wedding of interest to many people of Comanche County was solemnized in Marietta, Oklahoma, Saturday, December 20 when Miss Joylet Parsons of Sidney was married to Wayne LaRoque.

Mrs. LaRoque is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Parsons of Sidney and was a member of the Sidney High School graduating class of 1930. Mr. LaRoque is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. LaRoque of Sidney and graduatel from Sidney High School in 1929 and later attended Tarle-College and Draughon's Business College at Abilene.

Mr. and Mrs. LaRoque will make their home in the Stag Creek community.

### WILLIAMS—WELCH

A wedding ceremony was performed in Brownwood Christmas Day between two Comanche county people when Logan R. Williams of Beattie was married to Miss Addie Catheryn Welch of the same community.

Mrs. Williams is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. John W. Welch. For a number of years she taught school at Beattie and other sections of the county and this year is teaching at Mineral Wells.

Mr. Williams is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Williams.

At Comanche—M. S. Adams, Bud Arnold, E. H. Barry, Mrs. Kate Burks, will be given a free pass to the picture show, Tuesday, Jan. 6.

We buy Cotton and Cotton Seed every day.—Joe McIlroy at Blue Gin. (tf)

### HARMONY

The people of this community enjoyed a Christmas tree at the school house Christmas Eve night.

R. L. Thomas of Zephyr and Jim Thomas of Beard Hill spent Wednesday with their cousin, Dwight Hemphill.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Brown of Abilene, Augustus Brown of San Antonio, Z. T. Edwards and family spent Christmas with D. A. Brown and family.

Luther Rogers and family of Colorado, Texas Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Rogers of Mercer Gap spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Rogers.

Miiss Clara Hansen of Brownwood visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Hansen during the holidays.

Miss Rosa Lee Weathers spent the holidays with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. J .B. Weathers at Valera.

A. W. Wilhelm and family spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson of near Dublin.

Mrs. Artie Layman and children of Fellowship, Gaylon and Curtis McKinzie, Clinton Payne and family spent Christmas day with George Gober and family.

E. R. Armstrong and family spent Christmas in Fort Worth.

Mrs. M. E. and Rena Owen spent Christmas day at the home of Mrs. B. S. Lewis in Comanche.

Carl Thomas and family spent Christmas day in Comanche with his mother Mrs. Susan Thomas. Calvin Thomas of Holcomb, Lindsey Thomas of Beard Hill and Leslie Thomas of Zephyr and their families were also present.

Jack Wilhelm, student in Oklahoma State U. at Norman spent three days last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Wilhelm

V. E. Boyd of Brookesmith visited J. J. Rogers and family on Christmas night. Mrs. Boyd and children returned home with him after several days visit here.

Tom Shoemaker and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shoemaker spent Christmas with P. W. McDonald and family of near Comanche.

Mrs. Mrs. J. F. Wilhelm spent Christmas day with her father, Mose Anderson of White Point.

R. M. Tubbs and family and Mrs. Sally Cook of Hasse visited Mrs. M. E. and Miss Rena Owen Friday.

Miss Fritts of Vandyke visited Miss Myrle Shoemaker last week.

J. Z. Stevens and family of Brownwood spent Friday night with C. W. Payne and family.

Mr. and Mrs. McMorty Couch entertained with a party for the young folks Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Brown, Zett Edwards and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Vincent.

Carl Thomas and family spent Sunday with Mrs. E. P. Hibler and family at Blanket.

Miss Leona Thomas returned to her home at Beard Hill after spending several days here.

Mr. and Mrs. Noble Rutherford spent several days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner at Robersonville.

Harmony School opened Monday morning after a week's holiday.

### FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Thos. B. Gallaher, Pastor

Sunday morning, at the eleven o'clock hour of worship, the Communion of the Lord's Supper will be observed. The pastor will preach on "A New Year's Inventory", from the text, 1 Corinthians 11:28. This sermon will lead up to some of the truths of the Communion service. It is hoped and urged that every member of the church will make a special effort to be present at this time when the privilege of sitting at the Lord's Table is extended. Visitors are invited to attend and welcomed to sit with us.

There will be no service Sunday evening, as the pastor will fill the pulpit at Proctor, at that time.

Sunday School will be at 9:45 a. m.

Young People's Society will be at 6:30 p. m.

### HAZEL DELL

Mrs. M. G. McDonald and son, Wayland, Mrs. Clavton Hensley and LuElla and Hillon McCarty spent the day with Mrs. H. C. Applewhite Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Ott of Sweetwater spent the holidays with his mother, Mrs. W. C. Burton.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley Coor spent the holidays here.

### HOWERTON—RICE

A wedding was solemnized in the office of Justice D. C. Dingus Saturday afternoon, December 27, when J. M. Howerton of Comanche was married to Miss Della Rice of the Beattie community.

Mrs. Howerton is the daughter of Mrs. L. F. Barnett.

### BLANKET

The Union Christmas tree was held at the Baptist Church Wednesday evening in connection with a program.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brown and children of Burkett spent a few days last week with her mother, Mrs. T. B. Carpenter.

Miss Loleta Woods of Big Lake spent last week with her father, Rev. A. Woods.

The young people enjoyed a musical at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Hicks Thursday evening.

Blake McLaughlin and children of Cross Cut visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McLaughlin Christmas Day.

Mrs. R. L. Eaton returned to her home last week after a visit with her son and family, Howard Eaton of Robert Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Phillips of Coleman visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bettis Sunday.

Miss Derie Reeves returned to her school at Menard Sunday after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Reeves.

J. W. Wiginton and family moved to the Richmond place last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill McAlpine of Spur visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe W. Dabney last week.

Jack Bettis made a business trip to San Angelo Monday.

Rev. Walter Williams of Brownwood filled his regular appointment in the Baptist Church Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moore and little daughter of Abilene visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Moore Sunday.

Rev. J. B. Henderson and family spent Christmas Day with Mrs. Henderson's father. W. L. Bryant and other relatives at Sidney.

Miss Susie Carpenter of Brownwood spent Christmas day with her mother, Mrs. T. B. Carpenter.

Dr. and Mrs. Haddon Woods of San Antonio are visiting Rev. A. Woods.

Henry Rampy of Winters spent the week end here with friends.

Mrs. Mary Baker of O'Donnel is visiting helatives here.

We buy Cotton and Cotton Seed every day.—Joe McIlroy at Blue Gin. (tf)

Hedge Plants—California and Armoor River Privet, $2.00 per hundred; $1.25 for 50.—Mrs. Claude George, Telephone 104.

ALLAN LEE
Battery and Starter Repair Shop. Authorized Light Testing. —Off S. E. Corner Square.

WHAT DR. CALDWELL LEARNED IN 47 YEARS PRACTICE

A physician watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the system and is not habit forming. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it.

Dr. Caldwell did not approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for anybody's system. In a practice of 47 years he never saw any reason for their use when Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly. Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to the nearest druggist and get one of the generous bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

constipation

"I HAD a stubborn case of constipation after a very severe spell of grip," says Mr. John B. Hutchison, of Neosho, Mo. "When I would get constipated, I'd feel so sleepy, tired and worn-out.

"When one feels this way, work is much harder to do, especially farm work. I would have dizzy headaches when I could hardly see to work, but after I read of Black-Draught, I begun taking it. I did not have the headache any more.

"When I have the sluggish, tired feeling, I take a few doses of Black-Draught, and it seems to carry off the poison and I feel just fine. I use Black-Draught at regular intervals. It is easy to take and I know it helps me."

This medicine is composed of pure botanical roots and herbs.

Thedford's BLACK-DRAUGHT
For CONSTIPATION INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS
EX-147

WOMEN who need a tonic should take CARDUI. Used over 50 years.

Aches and PAINS!

When you take Bayer Aspirin you are sure of two things. It's sure relief, and it's harmless. Those tablets with the Bayer cross do not hurt the heart. Take them whenever you suffer from

Headaches, Neuritis, Colds, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Toothache

When your head aches—from any cause—when a cold has settled in your joints, or you feel those deep-down pains of rheumatism, sciatica, or lumbago, take Bayer Aspirin and get real relief. If the package says Bayer, it's genuine. And genuine Bayer Aspirin is safe.

Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer manufacture of monoaceticacidester of salicylicacid.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

666

is a doctor's Prescription for Colds and Headaches

It is the most speedy remedy known

666 also in Tablets

ROBERSON BUS LINES Inc.
SCHEDULE
Comfort with Safety

| Leaves Comanche for | B'wood. |
|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | P. M. |
| 12:25 | 4:25 | 7:55 |
| Leaves Comanche for | Ft. Worth |
| A. M. | P. M. | P. M. |
| 9:10 | 1:20 | 6:40 |

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N. W. Cor. Square

ENTERING INTO THE NEW YEAR

Let one of your Resolutions be to

—EAT AT—

Butler's Cafe

Your Business is Appreciated
Our food is good—Our prices are low

HERBERT BUTLER, Prop.

Y. W. HOLMES
LAWYER
GENERAL PRACTICE
Land Titles, Estates, Guardianships; Damages; Landlord and Tenant; Debts.
Title Examiner for National Title and Trust Co. Title Insurers.
San Antonio.

## COMANCHE CIRCUIT

We were at Sidney and Beattie t Sunday. Fairly good congre-tions met us for the eleven lock service at Sidney and afternoon service at Beattie. The night service at Sidney s not so well attended. Some e having put out the report at we would not have any rvice at the Methodist Church used some of our people to sewhere.

Let the public in general, and pecially the members of the thodist Church at Sidney, keep mind that the Fourth Sunday each month is our day at at place and unless providen-lly kept away we will be there d it is your duty to your urch to give it your unstinted port.

Those who were present nday night if they were paid r their effort to be there. n't be deceived by reports; ep in touch with our program; t every man stand in his ce about the camp.

The pastor and his family were lightfully entertained in the me of Brother and Sister Dean Sidney. Taking both the noon d evening meals with them.

After the noon hour Mrs. Daily d the girls together with Mrs. ean drove over to B. L. Mc-rkles where they spent the fternoon while the pastor took r. Dean and McCorkle to eattie to help him preach.

Brother Dean was a little fear-l as to whether he would get id for his trip or not. Ask m if he made a bad deal.

Well, we had a delightful time roughout the day. God was ith us in great power, Sunday ght even though we had a all congregation.

Next Sunday is our day at dian Creek. Remember you are ways welcome and we person-ly appreciate your presence at y and all of our services.

My subject for the eleven clock hour next Sunday will "God in Need of Men."

For the evening service the bject will be "God's Investment Man."

Sunday Schools at all the urches begin at 10 o'clock. et each teacher strive to build p their respective classes. This, the consumate builds up the hole Sunday School.

Remember, the best definition a good Sunday School is—he Church at Work.

Wishing each and all a happy nd prosperous New Year, I am ours for service.

E. M. Daily, P. C.

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On Comanche Route 2—Mrs. A. Adams, Bob Allen, L. R. uvenshine, Zora Andress will be iven a free pass to the picture how Tuesday, January 6.

### TARRANCE—HOOPER

Miss Mary Linnie Hooper and C. L. Tarrance were married Sunday, December 21, at three k at the home of the bride's ents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Hoop-r of near Desdemona, the cere-ony being performed by Rev. T. N. Carter.

Mr. Tarrance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Tarrance of Robinson Springs.

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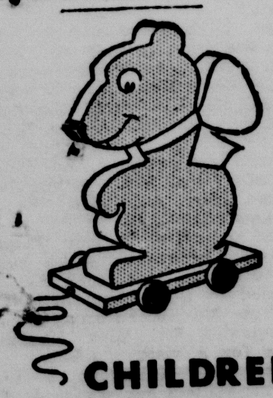
We buy cotton and Cotton Seed very day.—Joe McIlroy at Blue Gin. (tf)

### WIFE, GAS, SCARE MAN IN DEAD OF NIGHT

"Overcome by stomach gas in the dead of night, I scared my husband badly. He got Adlerika and it ended the gas."—Mrs. M. Owen.

Adlerika relieves stomach gas in TEN minutes! Acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel, removing old poisonous waste you never knew was there. Don't fool with medicine which cleans only PART of bowels, but let Adlerika give stomach and bowels a REAL cleaning and get rid of all gas.—Wm. Reese Drug Co., Agents.

CHILDREN CRY FOR IT—

CHILDREN hate to take medicine as a rule, but every child loves the taste of Castoria. And this pure vegetable preparation is just as good as it tastes; just as bland and just as harmless as the recipe reads.

When Baby's cry warns of colic, a few drops of Castoria has him soothed, asleep again in a jiffy. Nothing more valuable in diarrhea. When coated tongue or bad breath tell of constipation, invoke its gentle aid to cleanse and regulate a child's bowels. In colds or children's diseases, you should use it to keep the system from clogging.

Castoria is sold in every druggtore; the genuine always bears Chas. H. Fletcher's signature.

Fletcher's CASTORIA


## CROSS ROADS

Sam Ashinhurst and son, Clemment of McCamey visited their daughter and sister, Mrs. Alfred Moore last week.

Miss Era Hood was a guest of her sister, Mrs. H. J. Rachel of Dallas last week.

J. F. Wright and Misses Era and Jessie Hood attended the Tyler—Amarillo foot ball game in Fort Worth Saturday afternoon.

Miss Odell LaRoque was a guest of her sister Mrs. N. E. Roberts of Abilene last week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Roberts spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. H. B. LaRoque.

Mr. and Mrs. J H. Langley and family here moved to Linglevil'e

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne LaRoque were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Rachel of Dallas Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arman Jaynes and Mr. and Mrs. Nile Jaynes of Wichita Falls spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jaynes.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Patterson of Brownwood were guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Z. May last week.

Altie Drennan of Abilene spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Drennan.

Miss Maurine Stewart of Eastland visited her mother, Mrs. Ida Stewart last week.

Mrs. Will Rush and son, Milton are visiting relatives in Lovington, New Mexico.

Mrs. Claude Chastain and Miss Jewel Parson of Rising Star visited Mr. and Mrs. Wayne LaRoque Sunday.

Miss Lucile LaRoque is visiting her sister, Mrs. N. E. Roberts of Abilene.

Olan Frazier of Fort Worth, and Misses Era and Jessie Hood were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Frazier of Beattie Christmas Day.

Thurston Thomas of Comanche visited in this community last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Euell Jaynes and little son, Billy Joe of Rising Star spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jaynes.

Gus Cheatham of San Angelo visited in this community last week.

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We buy Cotton and Cotton Seed every day.—Joe McIlroy at Blue Gin. (tf)

### OVER FIFTY RELATIVES GATHER AT CHRISTMAS

Christmas Day was celebrated in real Christmas fashion by the relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Brinson, when they gathered at their home near Vandyke Thursday for Christmas and general get-together.

The day was spent in much the same way that hundreds of other families were enjoying it.

In conversation for the grown-ps and games for the youngsters.

At the noon hour the long tables were spread for the Christmas dinner.

Over fifty people were present, being as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Len Lesley and two sons, R. V. and Noble; Mr. and Mrs. Burt McGuire, and son, Carlos; Mr .and Mrs. Dean Collins and three children, Aldridge, May Dean and Weldon; Mr. and Mrs. Jim Collins and children, Garland, and Bonnie Belle; Mr. and Mrs. Jeffe Easly and daughters, Ferril and LeLois; Mrs. Herman Wilson and son, Theron; Mr. and Mrs. John Henson and son, Sam.

Mr. and Mrs. Ponnie Smith and children, Jaunita, Unice, J. C. and Pauline of Proctor; Mr. and Mrs. Claude Harris and daughter, Glynith of Newburg; Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Riley and son, Jack of Comanche; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Reed and baby of Moran; Carl Reed of Brownwood; Mrs. Cortez Roberson and three children of Winters; Mr. and Mrs. Herman Nichols and daughter, Jean and John Allen Brinson and J. C. L. Brinson.

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Rose Bushes—Choice of 20 varieties, 40c each; $4.00 per dozen, —Mrs. Claude George, Telephone 104. Comanche, Texas, Box 874.

### HOLMSLEY—COZBY

Miss Jettie Mae Cozby and Lewis Holmsley were married in Comanche Tuesday morning, December 30, at 10 o'clock, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Gordon Barrett at his residence.

Mrs. Holmsley is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Cozby of Newburg and Mr. Holmsley is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Holmsley of the same community.

### CHURCH OF CHRIST

Clarence Bryant ,Minister

Bible Study, 10 a. m.

Sermon Sunday morning, "Personal Evangelism".

Young People Meet, 6:30 p. m.

Subject Sunday evening 7:15 o'clock, "The Work of The Holy Spirit."

Mid-week Bible Class, Wednesday, 7 p. m.

Ladies' Bible Class, Saturday 2:30 p. m.

I will preach at Blanket Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock.

Homer Hailey and Paul Simon of Abilene will preach at Gustine and Sidney respectively, They preach each first Sunday at these places.

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On Comanche Route 1—Hobart Atterbury, G. F. Black, J. H. Butler, A. C. Bratton will be given a free pass to the picture show, Monday, January 5.

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On Comanche Route 6—C. M. Albin, J. D. Allen, W. B. Barrett, John Burton will be given a free pass to the picture show, Tuesday, Jan. 6.

## PROCTOR

Mr. and Mrs. Felton Stanley of Paris, have been visiting his mother, Mrs. Dicie Stanley.

Mrs. Herma Wilson and little son, Theron spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. P. E. Smith.

Miss Ruth Gray spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Gray.

Miss Coy Lee Smith who has been attending school at John Tarleton and Mrs. Maggie Brite of Sagerton spent last week with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gossage of Hobbs, New Mexico are visiting his mother, Mrs. T. J. Gossage.

D. B. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Clements of Winters, Mr. and Mrs. Alton McCamey of Comanche and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Roberson spent the holidays with Mrs. Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Johnson of Loraine visited relatives here last week.

Edward Belyeu has been visiting Mrs. Mary Little and son, Dick.

Miss Pauline Kay spent last week with her sister, Mrs. Sam Hamlett of Snyder.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Foster and little son, Bennie Eldon, of Harbin spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Smith.

Earl Ray Evans of New Mexico has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams of Rochelle have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Stone.

Mrs. Willie Harbor entertained the young people with a party Friday night.

Mrs. Boyce Briscoe and children spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Carter of Comanche.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Woolsey and daughter, Alice spent Christmas at Cross Plains.

Ben Cooly of Santa Anna is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Gaines.

Miss Catherine Purvis of Borger spent Christmas with her parents.

Ernest Alexander spent Christmas with his paretns, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Alexander.

Misses Lillian, Lennie Merle and Mary Walker spent the holidays at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ewing of Hedley spent Christmas here with friends and relatives, returning home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rue Pinson of Nacadoches spent Christmas here

Miss Laverne Sears and Shirley Pinson spent the holidays here

Miss Julia Luker of Abilene spent Christmas here with her mother, Mrs. John Luker.

Miss Clarice Carter of Comanche and Mrs. Carmen Sydler of South Texas visited Mrs. Hughlan Hughes Monday.

Rev. and Mrs. Alvin Gafford of Valley Mills and Olan Pettijohn of Dublin spent last week end with Mr. and Mrs. Bill McClatchy.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker of Turkey spent Christmas here with Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. C .C. Guyger and sons, Ralph and Maurice of Bangs spent the holidays with A. J. Reid.

### SERVICES AT COMYN

Services at the Comyn Baptist Church Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

At the evening hour President Thomas H. Taylor of Howard Payne College will speak.

T. N. Carter, Pastor.

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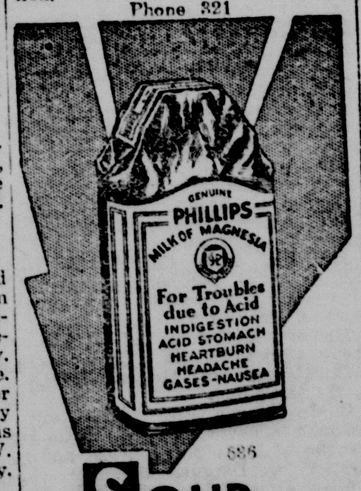


886

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## SHOWER FOR NEWLY WEDS

Mr. and Mrs. Os Jones and daughters, Misses Altha, and Tressie entertained their friends Saturday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne LaRoque, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cox who were recently married.

Over a hundred guests assembled and music, singing, and games furnished entertainment until a late hour, when the crowd was divided into two long lines, leaving an aisle. The newly weds were asked to follow a tiny bride and groom which was played by little Miss Bonita Jones and Dwight Lane; cousins of Mrs. Wayne LaRoque. The tiny bride and groom marched down the aisle to the march played by Miss Era Hood. Mr. LaRoque and Mr. Cox marching together and Mrs. LaRoque and Mrs. Cox together. The crowd following, the little bride and groom led the way to a beautiful illuminated Christmas tree which was loaded with many useful gifts. Santa Claus, took the gifts from the tree with his clever comments on each gift, passing them to the tiny bride and groom and they gave them to the newly weds.

Music and singing was furnished by Luther Redwine, Misses Era Hood, Doris Scott, Fay Stewart, Virginia Hall, Katherine Dunlap, Altha Jones, Winona Jones, Zynette Lane, Jessie Hood, Mrs. Claude Chastine and others.

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BLACK WALNUTS WANTED

We are in the market for black walnuts and will pay 1c per pound with the husk off. Cannot use real small walnuts, see that they run around an inch in diameter which is not large for walnuts, also, see that you get New crop nuts.

Still buying pecans and if you have any bring them in as we have the highest market.—Durham Pecan Co.

## SOLOMON—CHUPP

J. R. Solomon of De Leon, Route 2 and Miss Lillie Chupp of DeLeon, Route 4, were married Sunday, December 28, the ceremony being performed by Rev. H. F. Skaggs.

Mrs. Solomon is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Chupp of the Duster community. Mr. Solomon was reared in the same community.

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Hedge Plants—California and Armoor River Privet, $2.00 per hundred; $1.25 for 50.—Mrs. Claude George, Telephone 104.


Backache Leg Pains

If Getting Up Nights, Backache frequent day calls, Leg Pains, Nervousness, or Burning, due to functional Bladder Irritation, in acid conditions, makes you feel tired, depressed and discouraged, try the Cystex Test. Works fast, starts circulating thru the system in 15 minutes. Praised by thousands for rapid and positive action. Don't give up. Try Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) today, under the Iron-Clad Guarantee. Must quickly allay these conditions, improve restful sleep and energy, or money back. Only 60c at

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DR. F. LEVERETT HILL

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Physician and Surgeon
Office up stairs on west side of square
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Shoes Dyed any Color

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OTHERWISE, why do millions more people buy them in preference to any other kind?

And why, for 15 years, has the Goodyear Tire been the largest selling tire in the world?

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# ASPIRIN

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

LOOK for the name Bayer and the word genuine on the package as pictured above when you buy Aspirin. Then you'll know that you are getting the *genuine* Bayer product that thousands of physicians prescribe.

Bayer Aspirin is SAFE, as millions of users have proved. It does not depress the heart, and no harmful after-effects follow its use.

Bayer Aspirin is the universal antidote for pains of all kinds.

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Genuine Bayer Aspirin is sold at all druggists in boxes of 12 and in bottles of 24 and 100.

Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer manufacture of monoaceticacidester of salicylicacid.


## PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Edmondson spent Christmas in Brownwood with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Irwin.

Mr and Mrs. Iris Edmondson spent Christmas in Dublin with relatives.

Oscar Kilpatrick of San Angelo and Mr. and Mrs. Groce Kilpatrick of Cisco spent the holidays in Comanche with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Kilpatrick.

R. H. Moore of Lubbock spent Christmas in Comanche with his son, Jack W. Moore.

Among the Christmas visitors with Mrs. T. O. Moore were Mr. and Mrs. Claude Meadows and children of San Angelo, Henry Meadows of Rice Institute, Mrs. W. J. Cunningham and children of Waco, Nat Godbold of Austin, Mrs. Mollie Moore Godbold of Dallas, Mr. and Mrs. George Simmons and children of Fort Worth.

Charlie Moore and family of Texon and T. R. Moore of Stephenville spent Christmas in Comanche with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Moore.

Roy Box of San Antonio spent Christmas in Comanche with E. E. Anthony and family.

Ab White and family spent Christmas in with his parents at Hamilton

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lowe of Dallas spent Christmas with her mother, Mrs. A. E. Thompson.

Clinton Thompson of the U. S. Navy is visiting his father, A. E. Thompson.

A. E. and Clinton Thompson spent Christmas Day in Mason with relatives.

J. H. Wilhelm and family spent Christmas in Abilene with ihs sister, Mrs. G. R. Tate.

Mrs. B. W. Speed and children spent Christmas with relatives at Gustine.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Palmer spent Christmas Day in Richland Springs with her parents, being accompanied home by her brother, Brewer Garrett.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Parker of Breckenridge and Mr. and Mrs. Dick Parker of Eastland spent Christmas Day in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Durham.

Walter Gilmore and family of Brownwood spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Durham.

Luther Dixon and family and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McGlothlin of Brownwood spent Christmas in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs. Tot Cunningham.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Cunningham of Miles County spent the holidays in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs. Tot Cunningham.

Kermit Neel spent Christmas in Gustine with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Neel.

Doyle Dillard of Brownwood and Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Smith of Colorado, Texas spent Christmas in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Dillard.

Miss Truth Wetzel of Brownwood and Tom Burt and family of Fort Worth spent Christmas in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs. George Wetzel.

Mr. and Mrs. Adrain Jones of Brownwood were Comanche visitors Friday.

Mrs. Ollie Tripp of Austin spent Christmas in Comanche.

Roy McPherson and family of Denton spent Christmas in Comanche with his mother, Mrs. R. L. Campbell.

LOST—Thursday morning near Rowland's Store, childs leather glove. Return will be appreciated by Walter Barrett.—Letve at Chief. 1t

Merlin Jenkins and family of Gorman and Webb Jenkins of Brownwood spent the holidays in Comanche with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Jenikns.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Elkins spent Christmas in Cisco with relatives.

Maurice Cox of Brownwood spent Christmas Day in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rambo.

Aubrey Magness of Breckenridge spent the week end here.

Miss Laura Lu Waring of Cisco, John D. Waring Jr., and family of Sweetwater and Hayne Waring of Dallas spent Christmas in Comanche with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Waring.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McCoy of Fort Worth spent the holidays in Comanche with their daughter, Mrs. J. E. Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Onstott of Georgetown visited her mother, Mrs. Berta Goodson Christmas.

Dewey Williams of Ozona spent the holidays in Comanche with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Williams.

Misses Trill Bailey of Ranger and Kathleen Bailey of Pierce, Arizona spent the holidays in Comanche with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Bailey.

W. L. Ferrill of Dallas spent the holidays in Comanche with Mrs. Ferrill and H. R. Lacy and family.

John E. Hoff of Austin spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hoff.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Parker of Taylor County visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Jones Christmas and later in the week moved to this county to make their home near Hick's Corner.

Rev. and Mrs. Herbert Bass of Hamilton and W. A. Stagner of Abilene spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Stagner.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Breazeale and children spent Christmas in Lometa with relatives.

Jim McCollum of Texon spent Christmas in Comanche with his family.

Mrs. J. M. Jordon and daughters Miss Lilla and Mrs. Tom Bullock of Dublin and Mrs. Si Edwards of Sweetwater spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. D. Chas. Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. Jep Little and daughter, Virginia Neal of Eastland spent the holidays in Comanche with his mother, Mrs. K. R. Little.

E. H. Rauhut and son, Eugene were called to Austin Friday following a car wreck in that city where Mr. Rauhut's son, Anton received painful injuries.

Clyde and Russell Bonser and families and George Bonser all of Brownwood spent Christmas in Comanche with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Bonser.

Dr. E. R. Green and family spent Christmas in Hamilton with Mrs. Green's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Cagle spent the holidays in Rochelle with her parents.

Mrs. F. A. Green and daughter, Miss Lorene ,of Stephenville and son, Leigh Green of Jacksboro visited Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Green Friday.

Hart Shoemaker and family spent the holidays in Abilene with Mrs. Shoemaker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bradshaw.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Atwood of San Angelo spent Christmas in Comanche with his mother, Mrs. M. Atwood.

Carroll Shumake and family of Waco spent Christmas day in Comnche with Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Hogan.

Robert Lacy Jackson of Texon spent the holidays in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs H. R. Lacy.

Mrs. Port Cash and children of Hamilton spent Christmas in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kemp.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Atwood of Dublin visited relatives in Comanche Christmas.

Audey Pate of Corsicana spent the holidays in Comanche with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Pate.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Moore spent Christmas in Santa Anna.

Alva Woodward and S. W. Childers were Comanche visitors Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Trueman Smith of Carleton spent Thursday in Comanche with her sister.

Tommie Tatum of Dallas spent the holidays in Comanche with his parents, Mr and Mrs. Jim Tatum.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lawson of Fort Worth spent Thursday in Comanche with her mother, Mrs. Dora Greene.

John Hawkins of Dallas spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Paris Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Meyers of Dallas spent Christmas in Comanche with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Meyers.

Mrs. W. V. Striplin and Homer Tupin of Dallas visited Mr. and Mrs. Joe Tupin Christmas

Misses Theresa Dudley of San Antonio and Miss Catherine Dudley and Mrs. C. E. Roberts of Lubbock spent the holidays in Comanche with their mother, Mrs. C. R. M. Dudley.

George Martin and family of Dallas spent Christmas in Comanche with Mrs. C. R. M. Dudley and children.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Kemp spent Christmas at Logan's Gap with Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sibert.

Miss Nobia Dunn was taken to the Gorman sanitarium Friday for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Little of Duster accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Foote spent the holidays in Comanche with his son, Roy Little.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Kay and children of Haskell spent Christmas in Comanche with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rambo.

Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Grainger of Shreveport spent the holidays in Comanche with his father, L. E. Grainger.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Redwine of Colorado City spent Christmas in Comanche relatives and while here received word that his house burned Christmas night.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Bowman of Stamford and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd George of Kennedy spent the holidays in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs. Jo Wagner.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Cox visited her father, L. E. Grainger Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Mull of Crosbyton and C. L. Fisher and family of Breckenridge spent the holidays in Comanche with A. L. Fisher.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Bean and children of Fort Worth and Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Braziel of Emory spent the holidays in Coomanche with Mr. and Mrs. Ira Clemons Mr. and Mrs. Mike Tipps.

Misses Grace and Beatrice Donaho of Sidney spent Christmas in Christmas with Mrs. Mae Cameron and children.

Palmer Barnes and family of Brownwood and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Barnes and children of Rotan spent the holidays in Comanche with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Doc McNutt spent Christmas at Sidney with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Morris.

Sidney C. Holloman of Austin spent the holidays in Comanche with his father, Dr. S. C. Holloman.

Mrs. S. C. Holloman and Walter returned Friday from a visit with relatives at Alexandria, La.

R. R. Harvey of DeLeon spent Saturday in Comanche with his aunt, Mrs. W. W. Harvey.

Miss Isla Norrid of Rochelle accompanied by her grandmother, Mrs. J. W. Roe, spent Christmas in Comanche with her father, John Norrid.

Among those who were in Comanche Saturday to attend the funeral services of A. M. Lovelace were: Mrs. Leroy McGowan of Oklahoma City, Mr. and Mrs. Len Lovelace of Big Springs, Mrs. J. M. Stewart of Katy, Mrs. William Ferguson of Burnet, Tom Ferguson of Burnet, Frank McMillian and L. N. Hart of Brownwood, Tom Johnson and family of Stephenville, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Ward of Fort Worth, Arthur Browning of Merkel, A. B. Thornton of Dallas, Roy Morris of Brownwood, C. J. Russell of Stephenville, T. H. Harrell, of Dublin, G. Herndon, Walker Whitfield of Dublin, C. H. Sharp of DeLeon, John Rigby of Gorman, J. Koonce of Rising Star, Will Williams of DeLeon, C. V. Walker of Cross Plains, C. G. Jennings of Ballinger, Roy Harvey of Deleon and Miss Viola J. Moore of Brownwood.

Clarence Bryant spent Crhistmas in Miles with his parents.

Rev. Tom Gallaher spent Christmas in Oak Cliff with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Kinney of Ranger visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Clarke Christmas.

Miss Johnsie Cunningham of Mullen spent Christmas in Comanche with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Cunningham.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Z. Bates of Lockhart spent the holidays in Comanche with her mother, Mrs. John E. McGuire.

Will Brombelow, Superintendent of the State Home at Corsicana and Mrs. Brombelow spent the holidays in Comanche with her mother, Mrs. J. P. King.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Switzer and son of Coleman spent Christmas in Comanche with parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Switzer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sullivan of Hamilton spent Christmas in Comanche with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Bryson were Christmas visitors in Comanche.

Mrs. E. G. Wells and daughter Mollie Joe, visited in Comanche Christmas.

Mrs. Walter Jack Cunningham and children, Walter Jack, Jr., and Harriett of Waco spent the week end in Comanche with relatives.

Rev. Preston Broxton and family of Gustine were in Comanche this week enroute from Hale Center where they spent Christmas with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnett Froh and baby of Stephenville spent Christmas in Comanche with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dunn.

Homer McCollum of Texon spent Christmas in Comanche with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCollum.

Clyde Dingus and family of Coleman spent Christmas in Comanche with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Dingus.

Miss Anne Palmer of Richland Springs spent the week in Comanche with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. George G. Smith of Mississippi spent Christmas in Comanche with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Taylor of Austin spent Christmas in Comanche with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Smoot.

Miss Clyde Coan spent Christmas in Duster with home folks.

Miss Mary Louise Grizzelle spent Christmas in DeLeon with her parents.

Travis Cunningham of Texon spent Christmas with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Boswell of Fort Worth spent Christmas in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Boswell.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. St. Clair spent Thursday in Abilene with their daughter, Mrs. C. G. Whitten, being accompanied home by C. G., Jr.

Mrs. R. A. Tupin of Dallas spent Christmas in Comanche with her sons, Joe and Pat.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howze, of Dallas, accompanied by his brothers, Harmon and Pete spent Christmas in Comanche with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jim T. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker and daughter, Norma Louise, Mr. ani Mrs. W. L. Hedrick, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Meacham all of Turkey spent Christmas in Comanche with their parents, Mr. and Mrs Sam Todd.

Mrs. W. P. Hatchett of Lamesa spent Christmas with her brother Hill Huddleston.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Switzer of Lubbock spent the holidays in Comanche with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Switzer.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Skinner and Bill Hood and family of Roswell, New Mexico spent Christmas in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs Sam Todd.

Mrs. R. E. King of McCamey and Mr. and Mrs. Collin Dingwall of Abilene spent Christmas in Comanche with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Dingwall.

Mrs. D. C. Smith and son, Cecil, of Dennison visited Mrs. Marshall Barcroft Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Loudermilk of Brownwood and Mrs. L. D. Coburn of Denver, Colorado, spent Christmas in Comanche with Mrs. J. E. McGuire.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Forrest McCuthceon of Fort Worth spent Christmas in Comanche with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hill Huddleston.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clarke of Guthrie, Oklahoma spent the holidays in Comanche with their parents, Mrs. W. A. Shelton and Mr. and Mrs. D. Chas. Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Durham of Lamesa, Mr. and Mrs. John Kimble of Gorman and Arthur Elms and family of Brownwood spent Christmas in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Durham.

Miss Eva Long of Ranger spent Christmas in Comanche with home folks.

Mrs. C. S. Anderson has returned from Indianapolis, Indiana where she visited her children.

Mrs. A. L. Meroney of Fort Worth is visiting relativs here.

R. A. and Miss Ada Jane Barton of Olney spent Christmas in Comanche with their brother, John A. Barton.

Mr. and Mrs. George Walker spent Christmas in Mart with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Walker.

Mrs. J. E. Edwards and children of Brownwood spent the holidays in Comanche with H. W. White and family.

Miss Bess Hoff of Coleman and Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Noel of Norse spent Christmas in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs. John P. Hoff.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Armstrong and children of Comanche, Mrs. D. R. Hill of Santa Anna, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carwile of Dallas, Miss Byrd Carwile of Henderson, and Mrs. A. M. Carwile of Comanche visited with Mrs. J. E. Lawsne of Fort Worth during the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Joe A. Lee accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Lee and Joe B. Lee spent Sunday in Fort Worth with relatives.

Mrs. R. A. Allen has returned from a visit with relatives in Fort Worth.

Mr. and Mrs. Cody Thomas of Rising Star spent Christmas is Comanche with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Withers and with his father, Dr. L. B. Thomas

Danforth Wilkerson of Cross Plains spent the holidays in Comanche with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marian Wilkerson.

Mrs. Evan Palmer and children returned Sunday from a visit with her parents in Fort Worth.

Mrs. E. G. Webb of Houston spent the holidays in Comanche with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Palmer.

Miss Clara Hanson of Brownwood spent Christmas in Comanche with Miss Selma Zschiesche.

Mrs. B. F. Zschiesche and son Norman are visiting her daughter, Mrs. L. D. Moore in San Antonio.

Miss Jessie King spent the holidays in Pecos.

Miss Ruth King who is teaching at Shannon spent the holidays in Comanche with her mother, Mrs. J. P. King.

T. A. Harris of Dallas spent Christmas in Comanche with his sister, Mrs. W. P. Duckett and his mother, Mrs. J. L. Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Allen and children of Dallas spent the week in Comanche with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reese of Royse City accompanied by Miss Lucille Hayes spent the holidays in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hayes.

Victor and Thad Harris of Eliasville and Mrs. W. H. Bullock of Albany spent the week end in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Duckett.

Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Bowden spent Christmas at May with his brother, Dr. A. M. Bowden and their son, Altus at Brownwood.

A. C. Wells accompanied by his daughter, Miss Lucille and grand daughter, Miss Carma Leta Wells of Fort Worth spent the holidays in Sabinal.

Ossie W. Greene and family of San Angelo spent the week end in Comanche with his mother Mrs. Dora Greene.

Miss Beatrice Allen of Fort Worth was a Comanche visitor during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Burnett of Fort Worth spent Christmas in Comanche with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Burnett.

C. L. Cox spent Christmas in Fort Worth with his son, T. A. and in Dallas with Mrs. Cox who is convalescing at the home of their son, Oscar.

Dan Bingham was in Gorman Sunday being accompanied home by his sister, Mrs. Grover Jenkins who underwent an operation recently in the sanitarium at that place.

E. G. Neely and family of Dallas spent the holidays in Comanche with his sister, Mrs. J. B. Allcorn.

## More About A. M. LOVELACE

Continued from page 1

whose wounds were bleeding profusely. She was carried to D. S. C. Holloman's office for treatment and Porter Franks and B. Bagley in the Higginbotham ambulance accompanied by several cars hurried to the scene of the accident. The car was so hard to see from the road that the ambulance passed it by, continuing the search towards Blanket. Joe Tupin a few minutes later discovered the car and he with the aid of others, succeeded in removing the body before the ambulance returned.

Mr. Lovelace had apparently died instantly according to those who examined the body.

Funeral services were held for Mr. Lovelace at the residence Saturday afternoon at two o'clock conducted by Rev. Gordon Barrett, interment being in the Oakwood Cemetery.

Active pall bearers were Jack W. Moore, James D. Slack, Henry E. Moore, Bob Stanton, N. N. Durham and Frank Reese.

Honorary pall bearers included: S. G. Ward, Fort Worth; Arthur Browning, Merkel; A. B. Thornton, Dallas; Roy Morris, Brownwood; C. J. Russell, Stephenville; T. H. Harrell, Dublin; G. Herndon, Dublin; Walker Whitfield, Dublin; C. H. Sharp, DeLeon; John Rigby, Gorman; J. Koonce, Rising Star; Will Williams, DeLeon; C. V. Walker, Cross Plains; C. G. Jennings, Ballinger.

Arthur Martin Lovelace was born in Bonham, Texas, November 18, 1880 and was the son of the late, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Lovelace. He came with his parents to Comanche in early youngmanhood.

Soon after reaching his majority, Mr. Lovelace became associated with the Higginbotham Brotners and Company when they established their store at Comanche in 1901 and with the exception of a short time remained with the firm until his death. In addition to his duties as manager of the undertaking and furniture departments at Comanche he was buyer for and general superintendent of the furniture departments of all the ten stores in the Higginbotham system located in central and western part of the state and having its headquarters in Comanche. He was a member of the Texas and the National Embalmers Associations and was well known among the business men of this section as well the general public at Comanche, and had gone into nearly every community of the county in connection with funeral services during the last thirty years.

In 1903, Mr. Lovelace was united in marriage to Miss Hattie Hart and to them a son was born, both the mother and the son died a short time after.

In 1912 he was married to Miss Edna Harvey who died three years later.

In 1925 he was married to Miss Ada Pearl Harvey. She died November 1, 1928.

Mr. Lovelace is survived by his stepmother, Mrs. C. D. Lovelace of Oklahoma and three half sisters: Mrs. Leroy McGowan of Oklahoma City, Mrs. Ethel Smith of Clairmore, Oklahoma, and Mrs. Bert Smith of Oklahoma City.

For the last eighteen years Mr. Lovelace had made his home with the Harvey family.


ALLAN LEE

Battery and Starter Repair Shop. Authorized Light Testing. —Off S. E. Corner Square.


The Peerless Produce Co., will pay you highest prices for eggs, chickens and cream.

Altus Bowden, son of Dr. H. C. Bowden of Comanche has been made manager of the Renfro Drug Store No. 2 at Brownwood, Monday.

Mrs. S. A. Riley and son, Albert are visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charlie Heflin in Denton.

Miss Berta Kelley who is teaching at Marshall spent the holidays with her mother, Mrs. E. M. Kelley.

Mrs. Coman Shear and children of Waco are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tatum who have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Eanes, returned to their home in Santa Fe, New Mexico, Saturday accompanied by Miss Maurine Eanes for a visit.

Mrs. Bess Dillyhue of Big Springs visited her uncle, J. D. Mason in Comanche during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Y. Allgood and children of Chandler, Arizona, spent Christmas in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Morris and with Mr. and Mrs. Sutton Dudley of Mullen.

Mrs. T. L. Huffsteller of Gainesville spent Christmas in Comanche with Mr and Mrs. G. L. Morris and Sutton Dudley.

Mrs. M. D. McElroy and daughters, Nita Ruth and Frances spent the holidays in Comanche with Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rambo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. East and Mrs. Oscar Armstrong of Dublin were the guests of their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Moody Tuesday.

Mrs. J. C. Greer and children, Albert and Essie Marie spent part of the holidays in Dallas with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wingham.

Miss Janet Holmes left Monday to resume her work in the West Texas Teachers College at Canyon.

O. B. Rolins and family of Austin were Comanche visitors this week.


# DON'T ASK US TO...

# Charge It

FOR WE HAVE GONE ON A STRICTLY

## CASH BASIS

This will save us considerable in bookkeeping etc., and give us more time to devote to the repair end of our business

## Labor Prices Cut

EVERYTHING ELSE IS GOING DOWN, SO BY GOING CASH AND SAVING IN OTHER WAYS WE ARE ABLE TO REDUCE THE PRICES ON A LARGE NUMBER OF OUR REPAIR JOBS.—OUR MECHANICS ARE TRAINED AT THE FORD BRANCH IN DALLAS AND WE HAVE THE SPECIAL TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT TO DO THE WORK RIGHT AND REMEMBER WE USE ONLY GENUINE FORD PARTS

## FREE WRECKER SERVICE

IN CASE OF AN ACCIDENT WE WILL BRING YOUR CAR IN WITH OUR WRECKER, ANY REASONABLE DISTANCE, FREE OF ALL COST TO YOU, EXCEPT FOR OUR REASONABLE REPAIR CHARGES OF FIXING IT UP

WE SPECIALIZE IN

## Washing and Greasing

ALL MAKES OF CARS. WE USE ONLY GENUINE ALEMITE GREASES — WHICH COST SEVERAL TIMES AS MUCH AS ORDINARY GREASES—WE WILL CALL FOR OR DELIVER YOUR CAR FREE OF CHARGE

BRING YOUR CAR AROUND AND LET US LOOK IT OVER. WE MIGHT MAKE SOME SUGGESTION THAT WILL HELP IT OR SAVE YOU A REPAIR BILL—NO CHARGE FOR INSPECTION OR MINOR ADJUSTMENTS AT ANY TIME

# Comanche Motor Company

FORD SALES AND SERVICE—GOODYEAR TIRES